

# THE *Canadian* FORUM

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## The Old Man, the Old Manifesto, the Old Party

RAMSAY COOK

►AT LAST WE KNOW who the real conservatives are in Canada. It has long been evident that Mr. Diefenbaker is a Populist not a Tory, while Lester Pearson's recent decision to swap his bow tie for a full-length, polka-dot cravat has proven his willingness to accept change. No, it's not the "old" parties that harbor the traditions of Canadian conservatism. Rather it is the New Party, or at least one wing of it — the wing represented by Kenneth McNaught's article, "J. S. Woodsworth and the New Party." (*Canadian Forum*, March, 1961.) It was said of Lord Liverpool, the early nineteenth-century Tory Prime Minister, that if he had been present at the creation he would have cried, "Conserve the chaos." Professor McNaught, standing on the threshold of the creation of a new party, has made a firm bid for the mantle of Lord Liverpool.

The general thesis of the article is unexceptional; the New Party must be a left-wing party based on principle — socialist principle — and prepared, if necessary, to place principle before power. Clearly there is no room left in Canada for a third party as amorphous as the present major parties. If a Canadian version of the American Democrats is wanted, then the Liberals offer the potential. For that matter, even the Conservatives, despite the Prime Minister's new pose as the defender of free enterprise against Liberal and New Party socialism, seem to have accepted the limited welfare state with few qualms. Therefore to serve any useful purpose in Canadian political life, the New Party must offer a genuine alternative. Moreover, it must be prepared to serve the function that the CCF and all third parties have served — that of educating the public in the need for change.

It is when Professor McNaught settles down to examining, or rather declaring, socialist principles, that one becomes aware of his inherent conservatism. The implication of his statement is that the Regina Manifesto is a sacrosanct document and J. S. Woodsworth its infallible exegete. Naturally the New Party, as the successor to the party of J. S. Woodsworth, would be false to its past if it failed to pay due homage to its heritage. Undoubtedly the party would benefit greatly if a new Woodsworth appeared in its midst. But to make a fetish of the past, and indulge in excessive ancestor worship can only hamper the growth of a new radicalism. Moreover, it should never be forgotten that among Woodsworth's many excellent qualities,

the one that stood out, next to his moral courage, was his insistence that solutions to social and economic problems arose out of careful study of existing conditions. As Professor McNaught has himself demonstrated, Woodsworth was not a doctrinaire, *a priori* political thinker. Rather he was an empirical socialist in keeping with his English-speaking temperament and training. His education and experience, as well as the climate of opinion in the English-speaking world before 1945, led him to a belief in moral progress. To him sin was "apathy" and "indifference." That sin could be overcome if man's environment was altered. In his view an environment conducive to moral progress could be built by the root-and-branch extirpation of competition, and the permanent abolition of war. The first was to be obtained by co-operative and public ownership; the second, by a pacificism in which he was more consistent, but no less naive than W. L. M. King. This may seem harsh, but surely the New Party will be built on weak foundations, if it lacks a critical understanding of its past.

What Woodsworth would have said had he been born twenty-five years later, and thus still been here to offer his advice to the New Party, is at least debatable. It is, perhaps, also irrelevant. If the New Party is really to be new, it must be prepared to re-think its position in a world rather different from the one that produced J. S. Woodsworth. Professor McNaught castigates "neo-orthodoxy" for suggesting doubts about man's moral perfectibility. But the same Fabian, R. H. S. Crossman, whom he quotes with approval in

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another context, has also written in a perceptive reappraisal of socialism, "The evolutionary and revolutionary philosophies of progress have both proved false. Judging by the facts, there is far more to be said for the Christian doctrine of original sin than for Rousseau's fantasy of the noble savage, or Marx's vision of the classless society" (*New Fabian Essays*). This admission can hardly be written off as "cynicism."

Professor McNaught has no sympathy for those people who want to see the New Party's platform informed by the realism of experience. But surely Premier Douglas has not committed any sin in suggesting that if efforts are wasted in solving the problems of the thirties, there will be very little energy left to solve the ones that beset us in the sixties. One has the uncomfortable feeling that Douglas's real sin is that he won office, tried some of the answers of the thirties, found that some of them did not produce the promised result, and has had the courage to admit it. Moreover, Professor McNaught's criticism of those who have been influenced by J. K. Galbraith seems unsound. Surely a socialist can make use of the arguments of a non-socialist without fear of contamination. After all, J. S. Woodsworth was apparently able to learn from J. A. Hobson who, like Galbraith, was perhaps more of an economic heretic than a socialist. The New Party should be fully willing to absorb the "handy intellectual barbiturates" of Galbraith, for let us not forget that the "Affluent Society" bears many similarities to what that good socialist R. H. Tawney once called the "Acquisitive Society."

The British socialist movement, less fearful of American ideas than Canadian socialists, has been willing to assimilate much of Galbraith. This is true of both Crossman and Crosland. Moreover, most sections of the British Labour Party (with the exception of some left-wing elements who are the counterparts of the Colonel Blimps on the right wing of the Tory party) accept the idea of a "mixed economy" which Professor McNaught so disdains. The argument in Britain has been largely over the degree of public ownership. An intelligent left-wing statement on this subject is found in the March 24 issue of the *New Statesman*. There, Harold Wilson, the man whom some left wingers see as an alternative to Gaitskell, argues that within a planned economy a Socialist government would use guaranteed orders, taxation and public ownership as means of directing the economy. The argument over nationalization, he holds, can be solved if a carefully devised programme of economic and social development is worked out and nationalization used where it seems best suited to meet the needs of a good society. Here once more public ownership has been placed in the realm of means where it belongs, rather than being elevated to the status of an end. Certainly the New Party must be a party whose objective is a planned economy — one in which the public sector will not starve while the private sector grows obese, one in which a ten per cent unemployment level will be inconceivable, one in which the problems created by foreign ownership and alienation of natural resources will be approached with hard intellectual labor, rather than loud rhetorical bellows. If public ownership proves to be the best method of gaining these ends then certainly the New Party should be willing to use it. But to declare that the New Party's first

article of faith must be to reject Galbraithian economics and the idea of a "mixed economy," is simply to ask its members to close their minds to socialist experience both here and abroad since 1945.

THE INTERMINABLE DEBATE on defence in the Labour Party causes one to despair of saying anything about this problem. But the most vigorous, if not the most important, debate at the New Party founding convention will probably be on foreign policy, and Professor McNaught's views will be strongly represented. One of the strong features of socialist thought has always been its realistic recognition of the sources of power in a capitalist society. Unfortunately this perception has too often been accompanied by a blindness to the realities of power in the international world. Nowhere were J. S. Woodsworth's limitations more evident than in his views on international affairs. Yet, Professor McNaught, without adopting Woodsworth's pacifism, suggests that the New Party should denounce all military alliances outside the United Nations as the "ultimate idiocy which they are" (elsewhere he has referred to the Cold War as a "spurious military power struggle"). The world balance of terror is not a comfortable accommodation, and one wonders how long it can continue without a smash. But surely the socialist answer to the dangerous chaos of unplanned competition is not unilateral renunciation and withdrawal, but rather acceptance of the challenge to try and bring order and planning into the world. As John Strachey has written in *The Pursuit of Peace*, a pamphlet that should be required reading for all delegates to the Ottawa Convention, unilateralism is "a turning away, in fear and despair, from the real world with all its difficulties and dangers." The first step that is necessary for those who write the foreign policy statement of the New Party is to recognize both sides of the paradox of the Twentieth century arms race (as Chester Bowles has recently remarked): an uncontrolled arms race before 1914 ended in war while unilateral disarmament and weakness in the thirties made it impossible to prevent the Second World War. Thus only multilateral disarmament and rational approaches to negotiated settlements of outstanding East-West disputes can carry the world away from the brink of nuclear war. But since the Cold War is about fundamental issues, there is no magic panacea which will end it, and the New Party must be prepared to recognize this fact. (This is what caused Philip Noel-Baker, author of the *Arms Race* and Nobel laureate, to vote against the unilateralist, anti-NATO resolution at last year's Labour Party Conference.) It is easy to give in to the strange combination of pessimism and moral indignation of the unilateralists; it is more difficult to devise a programme for multilateral disarmament. But if the New Party is to represent a genuine alternative in Canadian politics it must choose the way that requires intellectual application rather than mere moral exhortation.

It now seems inevitable that the New Party will be embroiled in a debate on the question of unilateralism and non-alignment. This is perhaps a good thing, and may clear the air which has been filled with CLC and CCF sniping. But one cannot help voicing the fear that the effectiveness of the New Party may be paralysed by the same debate which has split the Labour

Party. When there is such an obvious need for a clear-headed attack on Canada's domestic problems this seems a tragedy, for in the long run the party's decision on foreign policy can have only a limited impact on the world. Rather than paralysing itself from birth in this struggle it would surely be more responsible for the New Party to adopt a statement on foreign affairs which was infused with the same ideals that caused President Kennedy to remark in his inaugural address, part of which was quoted by Professor McNaught: "To those people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required — not because the Communists are doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If the free society cannot help the many who are poor, it can never save the few who are rich."

Throughout Professor McNaught's stimulating article, there is one unifying theme — a fear of the corrupting influence of power. His main attack is quite justifiably directed at those who are overly concerned about the New Party's image. Perhaps it is for this reason that he appeals to the past, hoping to conserve those aspects of the CCF which the Canadian public

found least attractive. Being denied power the CCF could at least claim purity — except in Saskatchewan, where Premier Douglas's doctrine may not be pure, but his record is impressive. It may be that past generations of Canadian electors found J. S. Woodsworth's CCF "right but repulsive" and King's Liberals "wrong but romantic." But surely this is to draw a distinction between principle and power which is unnecessary; the New Party must be a party of protest, but if it really believes in its programme, it will also have a duty to seek power. Perhaps the most fundamental question that delegates to the New Party founding convention this summer will have to answer is: Will a New Party whose existence only serves to keep the present government in office, as the CCF helped to keep W. L. M. King in power, provide a genuine alternative in Canadian political life in the sixties?

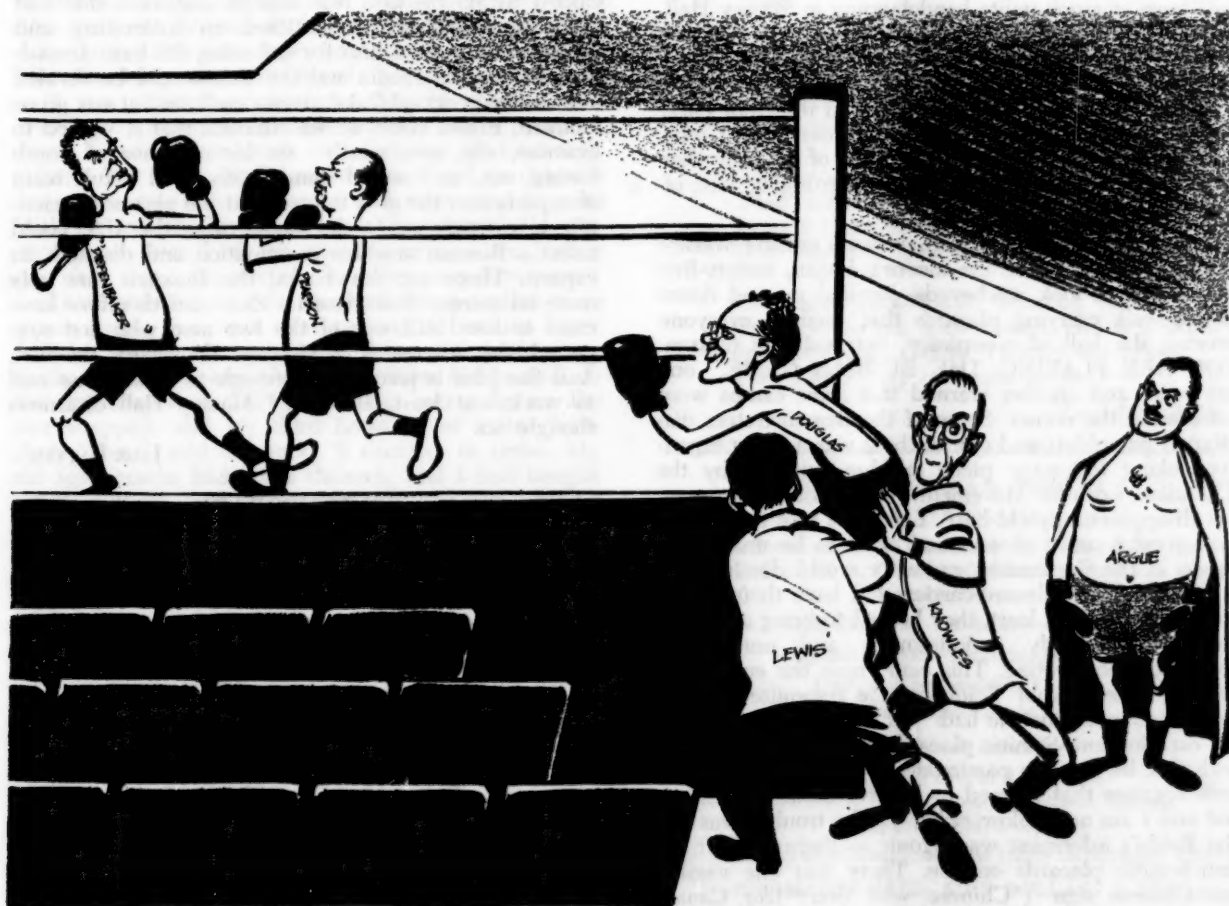
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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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GET IN THERE AND FIGHT, KID, THEY CAN'T HURT US



## CURRENT COMMENT

### A Disarming Rally

The Toronto Committee For Disarmament is apparently respectable enough for almost everyone except the local politicians—at least that was one impression after the Committee's rally in Massey Hall last month. The platform party at the meeting included three United Church ministers, a rabbi, the president of Dalhousie University, Canon John Collins from England, a Unitarian minister and a man who was introduced as "a prominent manufacturer": a group who could hardly be described as wild-eyed radicals, and yet, with 2,400 potential votes in the audience, no one appeared to represent City Hall.

Toronto aldermen have always been more politically timid than most other public men and it wouldn't take very much to keep them away from anything controversial. But the Disarmament rally didn't seem even mildly controversial; it was, instead, quietly sensible, rational, sane and, really, rather harmless. All the men of God on the platform filled the hall with a weighty, reassuring air, and the people in the audience were serious, reserved, attentive, ordinary citizens—there hasn't been so much polite handclapping in Massey Hall since Sir Ernest MacMillan retired. Canon Collins warned the audience that the "best" institutions, especially the press, would be against them, but even this turned out to be not altogether true: on the front page of next morning's paper, the gray, conservative *Globe and Mail* ran a straightforward account of the rally that might just have contained a small, begrudging hint of respect.

As it happened, all of the cranks were outside Massey Hall that night. Before the meeting began, twenty-five men—who did look wild-eyed—paraded up and down the sidewalk carrying placards that accused everyone entering the hall of conspiracy, betrayal and treason. "YOU ARE PLAYING THE RUSSIAN GAME," one sign read, and another warned that slave camps were just around the corner. Some of the demonstrators distributed pamphlets and one of these was a fairly expensive-looking four-page piece in blue put out by the "Canadian Loyalist Movement." Its message, however, was disappointingly old-hat: "Let us be true to this still free, great country of ours and cease to be unknowing pawns in the Communist game for world domination."

Indirectly, the placard-carriers did have their impact on the meeting—at least, they helped to bring about the one embarrassingly melodramatic and unnecessary speech of the meeting. This came near the end of the evening when Rabbi Feinberg, the committee's chairman, announced that he had "just been told that people are carrying anti-Semitic placards outside the hall," and with this, he began a passionate, detailed defence of his own courage that seemed to last for hours ("I am not red and I am not yellow either"). The trouble was that the Rabbi's informant was wrong—there weren't any anti-Semitic placards outside. There was one vaguely anti-Chinese sign ("Chinese who don't like Canada should go back to China"), but none that were anti-Semitic. The only offensive literature in the area was

a scruffy, barely legible little sheet that called Rabbi Feinberg "The Red Rabbi" and quoted another rabbi, named M. J. Nuremberg, who was critical of Mr. Feinberg's position on disarmament. But none of this seemed enough to justify the oratory it apparently provoked.

Fortunately, Professor Linus Pauling's earlier speech, the feature of the evening, had left the audience in a more inspired, challenged mood. The professor demonstrated a scientist's respect for reality, a human concern for his fellow man, and a kind of dignified Mort Sahl approach to speech-making that completely convinced everyone—including the demonstrators who had come in out of the cold with the placards rolled up under their arms. Dr. Pauling began his talk with a few statistics: 4,000 nuclear weapons of the 20 megaton variety would be enough to wipe out the whole world; Russia has 60,000 of these, the U.S. has 125,000; "the U.S. is winning." The way out of this horrible mess, Dr. Pauling said, is not through unilateral disarmament—"I don't trust the militarists in either Russia or the U.S." The way out is to stop the further spread of nuclear weapons and to put our trust in "international agreement and the development of an international law on the same moral basis as that which applies in the affairs of human beings."

Dr. Pauling was confident that the Geneva negotiations for a nuclear test ban would be successfully concluded within the next few months, and, once that had been accomplished, he outlined an interesting and unique scheme (not his) for enforcing the ban. According to the plan, Russia and the U.S. would be divided into twelve geographical divisions each, and at any given moment, Russia could advise America that it wished to examine, say, area number six for evidence of bomb testing, etc., and would immediately send a full team of experts into the area to carry out the necessary scientific investigations. At the same time, the U.S. could name a Russian area for examination and dispatch its experts. There are drawbacks; the Russians now rely more on secrecy than America does and therefore have more to lose. Still, one of the two men who first suggested the scheme is a Moscow University scientist. And the idea is just simple enough to make sense and to work—at least, all of the Massey Hall disarmers thought so.

JACK BATTEN

### CONTEMPORARY

Old maiden with a midden head,  
A lizard of dust curls under her bed.

A lipsomaniac, powdered rattan,  
She rolls herself in the flour of a man.

She flirts with old men, they bring top sheets.  
She sends them packing, valves off seats.

Young men with girl-sea-horses in  
Black stockings, they leave them: "Hail  
tail fin."

The midden's a shambles, its value is plussed.  
The beatnik lizards feather their dust.

E. H. Templin



## The Clochard in Toronto

A visitor to Paris cannot help but notice the "clochards." These are the men and some women who look to be derelicts on their last legs. They can be seen most frequently on the left bank of the Seine. They wander aimlessly about during the day looking for bottles and scrap or anything which they can exchange for a bottle of wine. Some clochards use run down prams to collect their articles of scrap. On summer nights they sleep along the banks of the Seine. Winter evenings find them littered along the gratings above the Metro where there is a constant flow of warm air. Last winter, which was an extremely cold one for Paris, found many of the usually peaceable clochards committing all sorts of misdemeanors so they could have a comfortable warm week or two in jail.

Every country has its counterpart to the Paris clochard. There is even a companion to the clochard in Toronto. If you have ever been around the Parliament-Shuter area, you might have noticed this man. He is a short fellow with long grey hair and beard, a tattered black oversized overcoat and a pair of white running shoes. He is never without a shopping bag in either hand. He says that he never scrounges about the streets at noon time or between the hours of four to six, because of the constant taunts of the school children. I asked old Jack how he had ever gotten into this business. He said that he had immigrated to Canada during the depression years. Like a lot of other Canadians he was unemployed, but as he explains it—"I was unemployed back in the old country, so I was better off being unemployed here. There was free soup, bread, and potatoes, and that was all I needed." After a few years, Jack bought a cart and an old milk horse. He got a scrap license and went into business with his cry of "Hoetayee" and "Ragabone." He covered the east end of the city. He never went further east than Pape; his western boundary was Sherbourne, and his north line was the Danforth. He patrolled these streets every day, and soon became a familiar figure with his ramshackle cart loaded down with bedsprings, single mattresses, and clanging bottles. He carried on this business until 1957 when the rear axle on the cart snapped, and his third horse in as many years died. "Then", said old Jack, "I decided to retire. My old age pension had come through, and I had bought a little cottage on Trefan street." I asked him why he still covered the street with his two shopping bags. He explained that he likes to poke about for things to supplement his pension. "Mostly", he said, "I gather bottles, and this place is a gold mine for them. I get two cents apiece for wine bottles, and then of course there are always lots of beer bottles, whiskey bottles, and pop bottles about." He stated that he made thirty-one dollars on bottles last month. He says he even has a standing order from a hardware store for two hundred bottles each month. These bottles are used for the sale of turpentine.

Jack says that good times may come and go, but the bottle industry remains fairly constant. "When I think about it for a while," he said, "I suppose I do collect a few more bottles when times are bad. People seem to drink more when they haven't got jobs. They don't drink the good stuff, mind you, but they cer-

tainly booze it up. I guess it's to forget their troubles."

I asked him what he thought of the present state of the economy. "Well, I earned thirty one dollars for bottles last month, and that was without a horse and cart. So what do you think?"

VICTOR LOTTO

## TWO SONGS FROM "THE BACKWARD EYE"

### One

When seedlings push through at the start  
Their colour shows they haven't learned  
About sunlight. Green shows They've turned  
That innocence to art.

In dreams the mood of love is clear  
Before its end is understood,  
While in this world of ends the mood  
Is what we engineer.

Thoughts too, once they have left the heart,  
Must become words that fail or fake  
Until they learn, like leaves, to make  
Their innocence an art.

### Two

Even flowers seem a better lead  
On perfection than the tricks of thought,  
Until one finds each flower has a spot  
Made infinite in seed.

That most pointed argument, a star,  
Lasts until one finds astronomers  
Equate them to the sun, and thus infers  
How blotched they really are.

Love itself succeeds by blinding youth:  
That's why eyes, grown used, find it a bore,  
And why men choose Variety, the whore:  
They know they can't get truth.

Lionel F. Willis

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## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## Canadian Calendar

- Two CBC science series, *Science Revue* and *The Nature of Things*, have received citations from The Thomas Alva Edison Foundation "in recognition of brilliant leadership." Edison Awards are given for outstanding radio and television programs, films and children's books produced in the U.S. The citations are given for works of exceptional merit produced outside the United States.

- About 86 per cent of women serving jail sentences in Canada are drug addicts. Addiction among male prisoners is 30 per cent.

- Prime Minister Diefenbaker told the Commons on April 10 that the motion of censure passed at the United Nations against South Africa does not bind Canada to repudiate existing trade agreements with that country. At present South Africa is the largest market in Africa for Canadian goods, and the largest African supplier to Canada, but Canadian sales to other parts of Africa are rising. Canadian exports to the continent as a whole totalled \$79,000,000 in 1960; imports from Africa rose from \$32,000,000 in 1959 to \$34,500,000 in 1960.

- Scientists at the Defense Research Chemical Laboratories have developed a material which looks something like a plastic fishnet and can protect men or objects from the heat of a nuclear blast by enveloping them in a puff of smoke. The idea is not new, but until this recent success, no one had been able to produce a material that would produce smoke fast enough.

- Defeated in the Commons on March 20 was a CCF motion asking the Government to supply names of officials who would be moved out of Ottawa quickly to a safe place in case of a nuclear attack.

- Direct passenger service from Europe to the Port of Toronto will be offered this year for the first time. Immigration clearance will be carried out at Montreal; custom officials will board the ships at Toronto to complete entry arrangements. The shipping line hopes to establish return service within a year.

- The Canada Shipping Act, originally designed to prevent competition for Canadian cargo ships, does not allow foreign vessels to carry passengers or cargo from origin to destination between Canadian ports. Shippers are seeking an amendment which would allow them to carry passengers between Canadian ports; this would permit a full return service on combination trans-Atlantic and Great Lakes cruises.

- The Canadian Government Specifications Board, in response to requests for standard-sized children's clothing, has established a Canada Standard Size label based on body measurements rather than age. Dimensional standards for 18 kinds of children's underwear and nightwear are now available, but none yet for outerwear.

- Pine twist rust, common in Italy, Scandinavia and Russia, but never before reported in North America, has killed 20 to 30 per cent of an experimental yellow pine seedling plantation in North Central British Columbia.

- The Queen's Printer's Bookshop, which opened in Ottawa in March, 1960, did \$55,000 worth of business in its first year. A second store is being opened in Toronto this month. In addition to Government publications, the bookshops carry UN and UNESCO editions, and a full stock of Government and UN publications in French.

- The University of Toronto has received, from an anonymous donor, a gift of one million dollars to finance research into diseases of the nervous system. First project to be undertaken with the new grant will be an intensive study of Parkinson's disease.

- Effective July 1, the new postal convention between Canada and the U.S. raises postal rates about 30 per cent for newspapers and periodicals sent from one country to the other.

- The Canadian Eskimo registration mark, introduced three years ago to give buyers of Eskimo art some protection, is used only on works carved from stone, bone or ivory. It is not used on articles made of wood, or on utilitarian articles such as lamps, ash-trays or cribbage boards.

- Canada's twelve medical schools graduated 871 doctors in 1960.

- Total imports into Canada for the first two months of this year were down 2.7 per cent from the same period in 1960. Only imports from the U.S. declined over the two-month period; from all other trading areas they were higher.

- The Indian surrealist painter Satish Gujral is at present touring Canada on a six-month cultural exchange sponsored by the Canada Council.

- The Vancouver local of the International Woodworkers of America has tried a member on the charge of being a member of the Communist party. The IWA constitution specifically forbids any of its members to belong to the Communist, Fascist or Nazi parties.

- The Dominion Drama Festival will be held May 15-20 in Montreal.

### THE POET

There he sits,  
Like an Arab in a dank bazaar,  
Hunched over a battered desk  
And a black notebook  
Plotting to sell what  
He would give away.

*Richard E. Du Wors*

## De Gaulle's Tarnished Sword

J. MORGAN GRAY

►IN FEW COUNTRIES other than France do popular national magazines devote such a high percentage of their editorial space to the personal activities of professional entertainers. Every week, by the skilful juxtaposition of photograph and innuendo, they provide the average human being with enough to ponder over for months. In North America this fascination has in the main been shunted to doctors' reception rooms and hairdressing salons. But in France it is enough to titillate the sociologist in all of us just to walk past one of the cylindrical magazine kiosks. It would be significant enough if the publications contented themselves with the voluptuous delights of Brigitte Bardot and her competitors. (The gamut of European Royalty is classified *faute de mieux* in the entertainment category.) But it is probably to France's credit that running a close second to the activities on the Riviera are those in the Champs Elysées. And the most popular performer there, of course, is that strange political anomaly, Charles de Gaulle. I say strange because de Gaulle, to whom Frenchmen always refer deferentially only as "le Président de la République," seems an anachronism in this century. He is a Metternich, a Bismarck or even a Garibaldi — but not a Macmillan, an Eisenhower or a Kennedy.

It is quite easy to imagine de Gaulle, in his quest to recapture France's former glory, challenging the rest of Europe to a game of continental Russian roulette — losing means France is forever annihilated; winning means de Gaulle becomes Emperor and France once more becomes France.

Increasingly in his writings, his speeches and his actions de Gaulle sees himself in an arch-heroic role, mirror of an ancient France, the unchallengeable mediator and peacemaker. His unshakeable faith in himself as the national symbol of France is clear in remarks such as the following: "... The guidance of France belongs to those upon whom she has conferred that duty. Therefore it belongs above all to me."

Three years ago the mass of French opinion was solidly behind the right wing leaders of the May 13 uprising who wanted the war in Algeria continued to the bitter end. The protests of left wing leaders such as Sartre and Jeanson were given little heed. Yet since 1957 the national conflict has been reversed. France is weary of the Algerian conflict; she wants peace at almost any price. The country followed de Gaulle solidly in the referendum and is now waiting patiently for the start of negotiations with the FLN.

But, gratifying though this is, it is wrong to read into it a significant trend towards the brave outcry of the camp of Sartre and the signers of his Manifesto. Rather the trend can be measured from a scrap of history dated 1946. In that year one Charles de Gaulle, lately leader of the Free French, opposed the draft constitution that would have created an independent Algeria based on equality of French and Algerians and federation with France. The rejection of that draft constitution forced France into the assimilationist policy

that nearly tumbled the entire country into civil war in 1958.

After more than a month of travelling in France since the referendum I have found no indication that the change of attitude to Algeria has anything to do with political morality. It is not a matter of the rightness or wrongness of a colonial war. It is a weariness with a war that cannot be won. The army seems to have accepted the inevitability of *Algérie Algérienne* and the same feeling of inevitability would appear to have made its mark even among the still-rabid colons. Cries from Algeria's European population are still vehement but have undergone a change of tone. What was before "we will fight because we are right" has become "we will fight because we must."

The January 8 referendum played a decisive role in the evolution of popular opinion. For the body of opinion not aligned either with the extreme left or right the referendum was a vote for or against de Gaulle, a vote for or against peace. That is not to say that the mass of Frenchmen who voted "Yea" are necessarily partisans of the morality of political self-determination. Rather it means that, as a colonial war, the struggle in Algeria has not been the kind of war of which a country can long be proud.

THE WAR BEGAN at first with a definite meaning and perhaps even a value; but since the initial attacks on November 1, 1954, the FLN has attracted an increasing number of Algerian supporters. At first France could feel a strong kinship for her confreres in Algeria for she has been established there for 130 years. Five-sixths of the European population was born there; many can date their ancestry back to the first settlers. Algeria has never known the kind of racial oppression that has scarred the United States and, more especially, South Africa. There have of course been differences but for Moslem and European alike they have never been, until the war, too deep to resolve peacefully.

But for Algeria's Europeans, living in the cauldron of hate inevitably engendered by civil war, and the Frenchmen at home, viewing the struggle from a distance, the six-year war has taken on different meanings. And France has become increasingly aware of world opinion in regard to the war. Until recently her Western allies have refrained from a declared stand but on January 20, when the White House changed tenants, France was reminded again that John F. Kennedy had supported the FLN cause while he was a senator several years ago. Thus the decision at the referendum was a cumulative one, the fruit not only of de Gaulle's labors but also of an increasing disillusionment with the necessity or, indeed, the value of protracting the struggle.

In fairness, the General's role should not be underestimated. The succession of premiers in the Fourth Republic had all tried to wrestle with Algeria in their own way and failed. If de Gaulle's sword is tarnished it should be remembered that he was the only one who could bear it. It will not be an accident of fate that he is the hero of the Algerian peace. Since he took power three years ago a peaceful solution to the conflict has been his goal and his dream. When peace comes he will deserve his medal.



It is, perhaps, France's greatest weakness that, as de Gaulle says, he is the reflection of France's dreams and wishes and feelings. (Partly because France has always been that way and partly because de Gaulle has moulded her that way.) He knows the French heart and the French mind. Even to an outsider his words, his stature and his bearing have an aura of magnificent grandeur. It is little wonder he has been able to lead France whither he will. The tragedy is that while he has led his people towards resignation to the loss of Algeria, the body politic has suffered scars that only a minority has seen. The rest, if they have seen, have chosen to ignore.

THE MARGINAL NOTES on the history of the last three years tell a story quite out of key with the General's song of grandeur. They have the effect of reducing the de Gaulle miracle to a rather poor circus act. Many questions must be asked of de Gaulle, the man ultimately responsible for France since 1958: Who has sanctioned the terrible and indiscriminate torture throughout the war carried out by supposedly responsible army officers? Why have government officials raged publicly at the unauthorized political activities of Army officers but been apparently helpless to level any punishment? Why have right wing terrorists prospered so greatly after engaging in what were tantamount to Fascist activities? Why the severe persecution of the lesser lights who signed Sartre's manifesto, while Sartre and others equally prominent go untouched? Why have all left wing leaders been harried so unmercifully by government organizations? Why has one student, thrown in jail in 1956 for passing FLN leaflets, not yet been brought to trial? Why have newspapers and magazines systematically been seized for criticism of government policy? Why the virtual blockade of French left wing papers from Algeria before the referendum? Why the charades of jurisprudence in France and Algeria that have supposedly been brought to impose a measure of justice on the terrorists of both sides? What, it may well be asked, lies behind the escape of Pierre Lagailarde in particular? This man, one of those prominent in the 1958 uprising, was on trial for what was virtually high treason in 1960. Yet he was given sufficient freedom to escape to Madrid and General Salan's coterie.

The most recent question that has arisen concerns the murder in January of a young lawyer in Algeria, Pierre Popie, a leader of the Liberal element among the European settlers. The story can be summarized briefly. It began several years ago when Lieutenant Pierre Lagailarde, then of the French army, raided the farm of a Moslem by the name of Sefta. He expected to find a cache of enemy arms; when he found none, he beat and tortured Sefta and finally arrested him. Sefta in court charged he had been tortured by Lagailarde and produced medical certificates. He also charged Lagailarde had stolen his car. He laid a counter charge against Lagailarde and hired as his lawyer Pierre Popie. The charge was thrown out when officials testified Lagailarde was in another district at the time of the alleged torture and theft. Later Popie discovered Lagailarde had been involved in an automobile accident at the same time. A Moslem child had been run over. The car, he found out, belonged to his former client Sefta. Still searching, Popie discovered

a number of Moslems who had "disappeared" from their homes and Lagailarde was implicated. He found a number of witnesses prepared to testify against Lagailarde in this respect. Popie's findings in the Sefta case and regarding the Moslem disappearances were to be made public in the "barricades" trials where Lagailarde was being tried in absentia. Shortly before the scheduled presentation of evidence, Pierre Popie was assassinated in his office. Nobody is yet sure who gave the order for Popie's death, though the investigators have indicated they do not believe the order came from Madrid. The same vagueness that surrounds Pierre Lagailarde's escape to Spain has now encompassed the death of Pierre Popie.

In the face of such doubt, France's publications have stopped worrying about the particulars in Algeria. They are concentrating their political attention on impending negotiations between Paris and the FLN. In fact, the effect of de Gaulle's leadership has been to lull France into an easy euphoria. Political conscience has swung from Algeria to the General's latest dream — a pre-eminent France in the new and unified Europe welded together from Common Market Nations.

And then there is France's other weakness. Once more the big interests have returned. Editors are wringing their hands in a mixture of sorrow and glee: BB, they say, "has lost her smile. Who is responsible?" With attention once more safely back on the Riviera, life continues happily under the watchful eye of the President of the Republic.

#### CANDIDATE'S PRAYER, MASTER'S ORAL

Now in my swollen suit of courses  
leaded around with dates and sources  
I bubble down, while memory swirls,  
to fumble for the ages' pearls.  
Keep me from creatures perilous,  
from Chthonics, from Philoctopus;  
protect my line from Things Unread,  
and pump me down what Baugh has said.  
Guard me from blackout in the gulf  
and from the abysmal Beowulf,  
and may my Shakespeare hold at bay  
the Miracle and Mystery Play.  
Minerva, speed! All now is night.  
The sharks encircle. Bring me light!

Earle Birney

## THE NEW PARTY

by STANLEY KNOWLES

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# Polyphemus and the Children

PETER BUITENHUIS

► WHEN I REPLY to the recurrent question of what I thought of last night's television show, speech or play, with my usual: "I didn't see it; I don't have a set," I never know quite what tone of voice to adopt. Apologetic? Downright? Defiant? Diffident? I have often in the past vaguely considered the reasons why I still hold out, long after viewing has become an accepted, even institutionalized, pattern in most people's lives on this continent. The current was precipitated dramatically enough not long ago when some friends actually offered us a set that had become redundant when they acquired a new one. Looking that gift horse in the mouth took a good deal of tact and explanation.

At the outset, it was necessary to disclaim any snobbish prejudice. Although holding fast to the conviction that a greater part of the programming that comes from all channels is shoddy or worthless, I was willing to admit that there remained a lot of entertaining, informative stuff. For news-reporting, some sports, particular kinds of drama and documentary, the television offerings are, of course, hard to beat. I might have added that I thought that, from the point of view of communications, television is the most radical revolution since the invention of the newspaper. To a certain extent, one is not, in the current phrase, "with it" without it, is not a fully paid-up member of the mid-twentieth-century world.

No, setting aside a sneaking feeling that I might sometimes watch television when I ought to be doing something else, I was able to tell my friends that I felt no hostility towards the one-eyed denizen, the ubiquitous Polyphemus, of the living-room. The reason why I declined their generous offer was that I did not want to see my young children spend hours in front of it.

The bases for this refusal were not, I like to think, the stock intellectual responses about the effects of television on children. I don't believe that it necessarily breeds physical idleness, or that it strains the eyes, or that it makes children the tools of advertisers, homebred pressure-groups for Corny-Crackers, Cavity Candies, Trauma Toys, etc., or even that it creates an addiction to violence. Not that there isn't some truth in all these charges. That relaxed proneness and glassy stare characteristic of the TV-bound child, the super-market whine of the super-sold brat and the toy-pistol-packing capers characteristic of the modern infant at play are not edifying. On the other hand, they don't seem to be permanent. That built-in elasticity of the childish constitution, at once the delight and despair of the fond parent, would seem to be quite adequate to the task of shucking-off these apparently pernicious symptoms. Indeed, a certain amount of idleness, gluttony and violence seem to be natural to any child and find expression willy-nilly. If this were all, I don't think I would have hesitated a moment to lead that gift-horse right into the living-room and tether it to its (already installed) aerial. My wife is quite aware

what a blessing it can be, particularly during that dead, dread hour before dinner and bed, when it would purchase a little peace for the conversation and the cocktail.

What seem to me to be the potentially harmful aspects of television are, to my way of thinking, more subtle and less easily defined than these. The question takes us into that whole essentially unknown realm of childhood imagination. The child from one to six, the period in which I am particularly interested at the present time, is at that crucial stage in his life when he has the highest potential for absorbing words, images and ideas. From an educational and psychological standpoint, these are the crucial, irreversible, years of development. His attitudes, his emotional stability and his capacity for imaginative growth in later years are all strongly determined by the experiences gained during this time. The question which concerns me is: what will be the effect of his watching television during this period?

Professor Marshall McLuhan, of the University of Toronto, has pointed out the unique nature of the television image which distinguishes it from the projected image of the movie or the still image of the photograph or picture. The light is projected *through* the screen and it imprints the image on the eye. There is something kinetic about this process, it seems to me, that endows television with a peculiar power. We have all seen remarkable cases of TV hypnosis in adults, under which the viewer can become quite oblivious to all that is happening about him until he is released from bondage by a commercial, although in extreme cases even this remedy does not work.

If the image can have this sort of power over the adult imagination, one cannot help wondering what sort of influence it exerts on the child, at a time when it is so much less critical of the received impression. The attention span of the young child is normally quite slight; I have observed that the spell of television magically increases it. The actual quality of the program is not so much in question here, although some subjects are naturally more appealing than others to the young mind. Essentially, it is the nature of the swiftly changing image, associated with the sound of music, the voice or other effects that creates the hypnotic power.

I SUPPOSE THAT many psychologists would support my layman's view that out of the material presented to its senses the young child creates his own world, a world only intermittently in touch with the adult world, made up partly of conscious, articulated desires and concerns, partly of dream, reverie, blankness, partly of unconscious drives. In order to ease the painful and compelling demands that adults make on him to adjust to their own world, a child creates a play world in which the imaginative elements in his mind are given exercise, and in which his necessary adjustments can be given a more ideal stage. In imaginative play he gradually learns to bring his own developing view of the world into harmony with the harsh world of adult reality.

The resources of the imagery and ideas used in such play are, of course, his whole conscious and subconscious life. It might be argued that the percentage of time that most children spend in watching television is negligible in comparison to the time they spend in the

other occupations of their lives, and that its influence is correspondingly negligible. I do not believe this to be true, because of the peculiar domination that the television picture appears to exert over the imagination of childhood. It seems to me that it exerts a power out of all proportion to the time it consumes.

Is it merely fanciful to assert that the television image usurps to a dangerous degree the prime role of the imagination in the creation and patterning of images? At the least it must be admitted that a new and unknown quantity has been introduced into the imaginative life of the child. Not so long ago he would, brought up in a home with any cultural resources, have had to create his imaginative world from material gained from overhearing adult conversations, from direct instruction and admonition, from sibling play and, perhaps, from the radio. In the purely imaginative realm, he would have been exposed to the literary form of the lullaby, nursery rhyme, fairy story and other forms of the bedtime tale. All these sources are potentially formative in the sense that they force the child to create his own mental image from the verbal symbol. His own intelligence and imagination come into play in manipulating these images into patterns of his own and expressing them in terms of his play-world. In this manner he lays the seed-bed for the creative imagination in which the child becomes the father to the man, as Wordsworth is at pains to show in *The Prelude*. Literature gives many other examples of the power and importance of this play-world, from the Brontës transformation of their self-created fairy-land of Gondal into masterpieces like *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* to the making of a book like *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* from the sensations of the child Proust.

To the extent that these resources have been replaced by the television screen, by so much, plus an unknown quantity more, has the child been restricted in his opportunities to develop his creative imagination. By television the world is given objective, not to mention often objectionable, form. Its images are so concrete and insistent that it would seem to make personal manipulation limited and stereotyped.

The trouble with this whole proposition is, of course, that it is highly impressionistic and scientifically undemonstrable. The few surveys that have been conducted on the effect of television-watching on children, such as the one that the British Broadcasting Corporation sponsored not long ago, have not pointed to any specifically harmful results. And indeed I am not suggesting that the television habit is likely to be visibly devastating or even remarkable. What should give us pause is the thought that the child's potential for creative imagining and thinking may be inhibited. The effects of this over a long period are incalculable. They may be incalculably harmful.

Most sensible parents I know who have television and children exert a strong control over the amount of viewing that the children do. I have also heard some of them say that the children themselves become in time bored with the medium and turn of their own accord to books and other sources of interest. No great harm can come out of this development, I suppose. For my own part, though, I would rather take no chances. Until such times as my children can exert against the television picture their own more personal and imagina-

tive view of the world (which will probably be about the time when they start seeking out the neighbours' sets), the Polyphemean eye will be kept out. There may be something anachronistically Odyssean in my stance. But while I brandish the fire-hardened stake of defiance, at least I know that my children will be crawling out of the cave of childhood clinging to the thick-wooled sheep of their own creative dreams. These are the sheep which bring their own tales behind them, not those manufactured by others.

### PIETA

When half a man was seen beside the curtain  
I knew it was her shell-shocked son. His eye  
Shone with a terrible expectancy.  
I was bringing the rent. And, to make this certain,  
I held ten dollars proffered like a candle,  
Till gradually the son came out, smoking,  
And I, entranced upon her Persian carpet,  
Felt like a denouncing angel,

Ridiculous. I have thought, since that encounter  
Less of its transference, than of the quiet landlady  
Who sat, beneath her leaden crucifix,  
The cuckoos leaping from the cuckoo clocks,  
And quietly received her seven dollars,  
Knitting, beyond our games of prophecy.

Peter Dale Scott

### SOME PAPER BIRDS

These birds of paper patience fly,  
Aspiring ants that touch the sky,  
(Whose shy stiff whiskers probe horizon's blue  
And reach up where these verses do.)

Where all the bye-gones say good-bye  
Eternally in each man's sky,  
Fluttering, caged in each blue head  
They wait and long to be resaid.

Or each poem is just paper-folding:  
Till it's made there's no beholding;  
With industry of ants we make  
Poems, those birds of stiffest shape.

M. Morris

### UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION

My eyes tugged the long blonde pony tail  
Now strewn on the beauty parlour floor  
Back to its elastic band.  
Her face the same, my daughter,  
Wide gap between two eye teeth  
Smiled an unsure thank you.  
Efficient, the young German hairdresser  
Smartly returned to her electric hairdryers.  
Startled at my concentrated horror  
My daughter self-consciously touched her  
shorn head.

Gertrude Katz



## Old Wine in New Bottles

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

►STANLEY KNOWLES' BOOK on the New Party\* is a work of evangelism, with all the faults and merits of such performances. It is endlessly repetitive and full of abstract, emotional, idealistic phrases. What makes it impressive is the way in which the author succeeds in conveying to the reader his own personal sense of dedication. I don't think that any reader could fail to sense this element in the book. And a party of the left without this dedication among its readers is a pretty unattractive spectacle. There is also an interesting sketch here of the history of the CCF and of the slowly changing attitudes of the trade-union leaders to the question of political action. But for a party that calls itself New the evangelical message of this book doesn't strike me as very fresh, either in its content or in the form in which it is stated.

There are the same old attacks on the two old parties which we all used to deliver so lustily back in the 1930's. And there is not a hint that Mr. Knowles and his political friends have ever asked themselves since those days why, if these attacks are valid, they have made so little impact upon Canadian voters since the 1930's. There is not even a hint that perhaps the two old parties are not identical twins, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, but only fraternal twins; and that our North American party system of fraternal twins, seeing that it has kept going so long and so successfully in the two North American democracies, may have deeper roots in our society than we used to believe. Moreover, a large part of the professedly new political programme which is outlined in this volume would be accepted today by the leaders of any political party.

The hard fact for political propagandists of the left in the affluent society of the 1960's is that it is very difficult for a party of the left nowadays to find a distinctive role for itself. That is, if it aims at being anything more than a gadfly to annoy the respectable members of the Establishment. The economic grievances of the 1930's have been removed in their crudest form. There isn't the human suffering that there was then, nor is there the same revolting callousness among the comfortable. In this society of middle-class classlessness, in which we have all come to accept some kind of mixed economy, the only real issue is as to the proportions of the mix — how much public enterprise is to be mixed with how much private enterprise. This tends to become a technical question which cannot easily be turned into a moral one, even though Mr. Knowles and Mr. Diefenbaker cooperate in trying to produce such a result.

This kind of a society, where you cannot distinguish oppressors and oppressed, tends to develop into a pressure-group society. I cannot personally see that the farmers and the trade unionists who are to form the nucleus of the new party have been functioning in the recent past in Canadian politics as anything much more than pressure-groups. You do not prove that the leaders of pressure-groups have become ideal-

istic, broad-minded, far-seeing national statesmen by quoting high-sounding resolutions passed at annual conventions. Anyone can unearth similar resolutions passed at conventions of manufacturers or chambers of commerce, even of medical associations. But what all these fellows are seeking is "more." They are asking what their country will do for them, not what they may do for their country. It requires leadership of very high quality to get these particularist groups working for a wider national or international purpose. And such leadership is usually only successful under conditions of crisis.

Unemployment on the present scale provides such an economic crisis. And obviously our present government, with its curious mixture of Saskatchewan and Bay St. demagoguery, doesn't know what to do about it. But President Kennedy may solve the worst part of our problem for us if he gets the American economy going full-blast again. On the other hand, rapid technological change, symbolized by automation, points to continuing unemployment for the less skilled members of our working force, and presents us with a continuing problem for which no party has as yet any solution except verbal incantations.

Beyond this nagging problem of unemployment during booms as well as depressions, what is worrying more and more people just now is the quality of our civilization rather than the quantity of goods and services it produces. Mr. Knowles is worried about this too. He would like to see a Canada that is giving a lead towards the finest quality of life — in educational opportunities, in health services, in progress towards urban communities that are fit for civilized people to live in, etc. Professor Arthur Schlesinger in his booklet before the last American election, *The Shape of American Politics to Come*, said that what was emerging in American politics was a "qualitative liberalism"; and the "New Frontiers" of the Kennedy campaign was an attempt to formulate such a qualitative liberalism. This kind of programme seems to me what is needed in Canadian politics. If I could believe that farmers and trade unionists are really interested in some unique way in ideas of this kind, I should feel much more confidence in the project of a new party.

But, so far as I can see, it is mostly middle-class idealists and cranks, high-brows and long-hairs, intellectuals, artists, professional people, rather than business men or trade unionists or farmers, who are stirred up by such a concept of what our country might accomplish. And in Canada these tend to be mostly scattered individuals and groups with no firm political affiliation as yet. They managed to get the Canada Council set up a few years ago, and the C.B.C. a few years before that. But I should judge that apathy or hostility towards such experiments in cultural socialism is fairly evenly distributed among the rank and file of CCFers, Liberals and Conservatives.

In his efforts to present us with a more favorable image of trade unionism Mr. Knowles tends to pass over all the aspects of the union movement which have made contemporary liberals critical of it. There is no mention of the peculiar weakness of the trade union movement in eliminating communists and gangsters from its managerial ranks. There is practically nothing about undemocratic realities which lie beneath the

\*THE NEW PARTY: Stanley Knowles; McClelland & Stewart; pp. viii, 136; cloth \$3.50, paper \$2.50.

democratic forms of trade union organization. Mr. Knowles is far too innocent. I would be more attracted by his picture if he would just once admit, or even hint, that trade-union leaders, like business leaders and political leaders and ecclesiastical leaders, are primarily interested in power, the power of their organizations and their own personal power in control of these organizations; and if he showed some awareness of the liberal suspicion that the spectacular trade-union success since the 1930's has brought leaders to the top who are dangerously intoxicated with power.

It was easy and proper for liberals in the 1930's to be strongly pro-union, when the unions were challenging the monopoly-power of management in the mass-production industries. But the distribution of power in our society is far different now. Politics is about power. Liberal-minded people need more reassurance than is given in these pages as to how union leaders are likely to exercise political power in a party mainly dependent on them for financial support.

There is another matter in which Mr. Knowles does not seem to have moved beyond the 1930's. His inarticulate major premise is that Canadian politics is destined to follow the evolution of British and European politics and produce something like the British Labour party. I used to believe in this deterministic faith myself in the 1930's. The CCF was far more significant in our political history for its attempt to reproduce the British form of alignment between a left and a right party than for its attempt to define what it meant by socialism; and, of course, its socialism was just British Fabian socialism expounded in a Wesley College-Toronto-McGill-Saskatchewan accent instead of in an Oxford-L.S.E. accent. But today the British Labour party is slipping badly. It has lost three elections in succession and is now torn by bitter internal conflicts. The political sociologists in Britain are pointing out that its old doctrinaire socialism and its class appeal are losing it the support of the young people and of the upper ranks of the trade unionists themselves. Led by their wives, the better paid trade unionists are adopting a middle-class way of life and beginning to vote Conservative. For Britain also, in her way, is becoming an affluent society. This hardly seems the moment when we on the left in Canada should be copying a British political framework which is being more and more questioned in Britain itself. In Canada as in Britain a party that wants to get into office has to adjust itself to middle-class society. The failure of the British Labour party in the 1930's and 1960's, and the success of the American Democratic party in the same period, should induce us to do some fresh thinking about what kind of a Left party is needed and is likely to be successful in Canada.

In short, we should be asking ourselves — and Europeans should be asking themselves — not "why hasn't the United States got a Labour party?", but "why haven't we got a Democratic party?"

Mr. Knowles is also discreetly silent about the fight which is raging within the membership-to-be of the new party about defence and foreign policy. His book does not give the impression that he himself is as worried as he should be about the threat of totalitarian communism to the free world. If the New Party succumbs to the temptations of neutralism, and bemuses itself with fantastic dreams of the Moral Rearmament

that Canada is to bring about by heading up a Third Force of uncommitted Asian and African powers, it has no future.

Finally, I am still looking for more of the new men who should be emerging by this time if the New Party is genuinely something new. From most of the names that are referred to by Mr. Knowles and that one sees in newspaper reports, I get the feeling that it is still the same old winepourers who are pouring the old wine into new bottles.

## TV Notebook

►BEING SERIOUS in broadcasting has never been easy. As a producer or a writer you must face the fact that your careful analysis of Marxist revisionism or your detailed study of Brazilian politics will be located on the schedule between *Wagon Train* and *Angel*. You must also understand that your play or your opera, conceived with such pain and prepared in such sweat, will be interrupted by an unspeakably banal young man stroking the side of an automobile. You must live with the knowledge that your audience, if it exists, is composed to a large extent of people who are watching aimlessly and fitfully, ready to switch off at any moment. Most of all, of course, you must remember that your sense of responsibility (if you retain it) is not necessarily shared by those placed in authority above you. The chances are, in fact, that it isn't.

To these problems, the Board of Broadcast Governors has recently decided to add a couple more:

1. *Censorship*: The Board of Broadcast Governors, which is placed in authority above both the CBC and the commercial broadcasters, has decided to enforce the provision in the Broadcasting Act which prohibits profanity and obscenity of any kind. In the past, this regulation has generally been interpreted with discretion. "Bastard" and "damn" and a few other words have been permitted, usually with the tacit understanding that they will be used in plays or talks which are more or less serious. But the BBG has communicated to the CBC its intention to enforce the letter of the Act: it will apply equally to serious and non-serious work. Recently Edward Albee's widely admired play, *The Zoo Story*, was given an excellent production on *Festival '61*. It contained certain lines — including references to homosexuality — which some viewers found offensive. The viewers complained to the BBG, and the BBG made its displeasure known to the CBC. It won't happen again.

At the same time, the BBG has made it known that it will also enforce carefully the rather more ambiguous insistence on "good taste" which is also contained in the Broadcasting Act. If anything, this is more serious. There is no way of knowing just what standards of good taste the sort of person who sits on the BBG will endorse, but my guess is that we can expect the worst.

As a result of these and other decisions, a new wave of puritanism has lately been sweeping CBC radio and television. Scripts are being examined for purity. Cuts are being made. What this means is that it will be harder than ever to get serious contemporary writing on the air. Classics, presumably, will be at least partly exempt from the ruling, but plays which have not yet won their places in the pantheon will be scrutinized severely.



Of course, this will have no important effect on commercial stations or on the bulk of CBC programs, since they offend against good taste only to the extent of being tasteless. The programs which will be affected will be those which try to give some serious account of contemporary life, or try to broadcast the work of serious contemporary writers.

2. *Canadian Content*: The BBC rule that all stations must achieve 45 per cent Canadian content this year and 55 per cent next year has turned out to be even sillier than anyone could have anticipated. In the beginning the rule was not essentially "pro-Canadian" (as its supporters liked to believe) but anti-American. Commonwealth or French programs count as "half Canadian" — that is, an hour show from Britain counts as a half-hour of Canadian. What this has meant is that private television stations have begun scheduling as many British movies as possible, to bring up their totals. (If a station ran nothing but British movies, twelve hours a day, it would theoretically have 50 per cent this year, thereby going over the top and triumphantly breaking the 1961 record for pure Canadianism.) At the same time, certain other problems have arisen. Gina Lollobrigida is establishing Canadian citizenship, so it may turn out that her Italian-made movies are Canadian, or half-Canadian. (This is no joke: it is being discussed seriously.) *Saturday Night at the Palladium* stars mostly Americans, but is produced in London; therefore, half-Canadian. *Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years* concerns a well-known Commonwealth statesman, but is made in the United States; therefore, no score.

It would be impossible to make any serious comment on a situation like this. I suppose those people who have disliked many of the BBC's judgments (such as the awarding of several TV licenses) should be maliciously pleased that the board is so quickly making a fool of itself. But what all this indicates is the essentially frivolous basis on which broadcasting in this country is now to be operated. The stations, rather than attempting to bring some degree of responsibility into their schedules, will inevitably become involved in the irrelevancies of juggling Canadian, American, half-Canadian and might-be-half-Canadian programs, with no more serious aim than to make the percentages come out right. The BBC's rules can only produce a broadcasting industry that is even more confused than the one we have now.

IN THE COURSE of a recent British study, published as *Television and the Child* (Oxford, 1958), an eleven-year-old boy was asked for his opinion of BBC's *Brains Trust*, a highbrow panel show. He answered:

"I don't like the Brains Trust because we think it is too clever and there's nothing exciting about it, and another reason is because it is too slow and I think it is mainly for grown-ups. They are always talking about things which I haven't heard about and the people always seem to use big words and I never understand them and they never seem to agree with one another and they are always smoking, making noises with their chairs and they are always interrupting so that you cannot understand a word they say . . .

"I think it all ought to be done away with. They are always talking of uninteresting things and always

leaning back in their chairs smoking as though they were millionaires, they ought to be sacked and never heard of again."

That anonymous young man has become, of course, my favorite television viewer; no one is fooling him! In the most recent study of television's effect on children, *Television in the Lives of Our Children* (Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle, and Edwin B. Parker; University of Toronto Press, \$6) there is nothing that quite equals his remarks. But there is a great deal which indicates that North American children, like the critical British child and his contemporaries in the English survey, are not submitting passively to being shaped by television. In their eleven separate studies, in American and Canadian cities, and towns, the authors have asked a single basic question: To what extent does television shape the attitudes of the child who watches it? Very generally, their answer is: not very much, really.

Matching the statistics covering children's viewing with the statistics covering their social and economic positions, the authors find that middle-class children resist television more, and abandon addiction to it sooner, than lower-class children. The authors divide their subjects into "reality-oriented" and "fantasy-oriented" groups, and they discover — not very surprisingly — that the "reality-oriented" children are more likely to be found in middle-class homes, the "fantasy-oriented" children in lower-class homes. The first group, trained to plan for the future, turns more easily from TV to more substantial media — books, magazines, perhaps newspapers. The second group, trained to live in the present, clings to TV longer.

In the *Saturday Review*, Robert Lewis Shayon has described this conclusion in Calvinist terms — the "reality-oriented" are the Elect, the others are the Damned, and as usual there are more Damned than Elect. His point is that these children, damned by the attitudes which their class gives them, are confined in this attitude by the fantasy-purveyors. They grow up into heavy TV viewers.

More than one sociologist has pointed out that the mass media (magazines, for instance) can act as a spur to social mobility, by making the consumer more familiar with different life-styles. But television, seen in the perspective of *Television in the Lives of our Children*, helps to harden rather than soften class lines. Its final effect may be to imprison rather than to liberate.

In that same article, Shayon asks a question which should bother every thoughtful person involved in the mass media. "Why do the future-oriented, better-educated, high-intelligence, middle-class artists and businessmen in the industry who have been 'saved' keep on feeding the fires of fantasy to their lower socioeconomic brothers who are 'damned'?" As he says, this could provide the basis for another sociological survey, perhaps even more interesting — a survey of those who are on the giving rather than the receiving end of television. What are the aims and the ideals of the mass communicators? What do they think of the people to whom they serve junk? What do they think about this use of their talent, intelligence, and education? What do they think they are up to, anyway?

ROBERT FULFORD



# Ode: The Autumn Resurrection

JOHN GLASSCO

This day is beautiful: it could not ask  
Of earth or sun or sky one further grace,  
One blessing more, that surelier should make it  
Lovely some way to all mankind;  
Yet though I feel this influence and accept  
These simple gifts with simple pleasure, I  
For whom occasion is one half of beauty  
And in whose heart unseasonable youth  
Takes most joy in unseasonable things,  
Find in its incidence with summer's end  
Its loveliest attribute—  
The ever cool the fresh  
The final glowing fruit!

But the world is not enough, the bond  
Of flesh is too much of the flesh;  
I look beyond

These colours of the earth, and make this air,  
This yellow sunshine, agents of a mood  
More sensitive to the spontaneous sorrow  
Which such a day begets. For fairest things  
Have other aspects out of their own climate  
And strike out deeper meanings: time stands still  
Before such collocations, and we become  
Voyagers to new shores, to those fine islands  
Wherein the solitary clear-eyed judgment lives  
Like a prescient animal.

Then like a bird  
Stricken with the immensely sad presage  
I feel the impress of winter and the age,  
The pithless skin, the moult  
The endless annual revolt  
Of an earlier faith, a light surpassing these;  
I con the irremediable word  
Forced on me also by these bursting powers,  
These smoky langorous hours,  
And faithful to an infant nausea  
A natural taint, a remnant  
Of memory tailed among the trees,  
Relearn my horror of the human face  
That is the world's foulest tenant;  
While the pacing plaster  
Cast that is the body's also,  
A dingy clay bugged by the iron bar  
Of dignity, this too  
Appears again over the heart's horizon,  
Faithful, undeniable, rearisen,  
The true, the natural vision  
Of God's own phosphorescent fetich, his ugliest scar.

## 2.

O joy in the marrow  
That flinches so cleanly  
With teeth like a harrow  
And eyes of a fox!  
So savage, so seemly  
My country of thoughts:  
After the foolish twilight comes the light,  
After the ecstasy, the travesty,—

What I have borne and shall execrate  
In the bliss of returning  
To loathing and scorn:  
Like birdsong at morning  
Sounds my shrilling triumphant  
Song to commemorate the end of night.

For in the night now gone  
So many impious things were done—  
Cowardly retreats and base ambitions,  
A traffic with conditions,  
A low abjurement and lower affirmation  
Of the dying letter and the spirit that kills,  
A ceaseless going to and fro  
In the earth of an ultimate night.  
—I have withdrawn my eyes from the hills  
In which was my damnation,  
And like a bird enfranchised  
Made them the subjects of my swelling heart,  
With knowledge born of the cage, the wounded wing,  
And the foul feature of man, the hideous view  
Endured in the dark from which I arise now and sing,  
Sing with uneven and importunate art,  
Dressing my draggled feathers in the dew!

Now all things are beautiful and old  
As they are for the bird in russet and gold,  
As they were before the coming of man,  
Their splendour unsullied by his peering eyes:  
Never such skies,  
Such light, have been before!  
The purity of earth's naked face,  
The dear uneven natural grace!  
Never for me again  
Shall things turn wholly to their former state,  
Revert to vileness and decline  
Into an aspect dulled and debased  
By a human vision and distortive brain.

## 3.

O world without man,  
Earth lovely as the ocean,  
You are as you began,  
Locked in a marvellous self-subsistent motion,  
A waltz of being borne away  
On the sheer autochthonous wave  
Of a love unknowing and senseless passive motion,  
Oblivious of the end that God ordained  
In the shuffling feature and abused clay  
Of man, your grave!

For in such seeming-ageless times as these  
When autumn seals the avenues of the world,  
There are prepared the secret faculties  
That seize the ideal form of her  
The universal mistress, Nature,  
Just as she is, the one immortal thing  
That leans on our mortality, looks through  
Our eyes and makes of every sense we have  
A channel of her striving.  
So I to all things else grown blind,  
And like a vessel driving  
Into a blue loneliness of space,  
Also forsake mankind;  
And as the light shakes on the mountain's rim,  
And the year's curtain trembles before it falls,  
Come like a swallow to my ancient love,

And in a reflex of that power, around, above,  
 Curse the hideous face  
 Of man my brother, that inveterate child,  
 Ringmaster of her woods and flowers and animals,  
 The face of him who is not wild  
 Save in his dreams. For her sake I must curse  
 His dingy clay shuffling over the face of an earth  
 Too beautiful for him;  
 And in rejection of all outward sense,  
 Withdraw to my own excellence,  
 And be once more  
 As I have been before  
 In another dream of infancy,  
 In a world created only by a birdlike eye,  
 The measure of all things.

## 4.

Oh, for a plague, a wasting fire  
 To come upon these peopled hills!

A dream of walking in the grey woods  
 Among the perished trees of an early death;  
 I walk my solitary woods and weep:  
 These are the footpaths that I trod  
 In ecstasy and wonder, in the breath  
 Of a universal spring sown deep  
 In the heart of dusty solitudes.

Yet like a bird I am reborn  
 To labour in the grey-gold morning  
 Only for music and my loves, and though  
 Music and man have their sole source and rest  
 In death, where they belong,  
 As every song  
 Is only a quest  
 For the unbreathing silence whence it sprang,  
 For me, alas, the long terrible blinding day will come,  
 And a living flame of green,  
 And man's face shall be seen  
 And the bared and shining fang.

Endure, endure, my heart, your natural hate,  
 Take it as part of man's estate  
 To suffer a self-engendered horror  
 Till winter embrace you like an icy sea:  
 Endure the frozen mirror.  
 No longer mine

The communal eye of man's distress  
 And malediction: I am stripped to the sense  
 Of solitary affections, to the cry  
 Of my own heart, the secret region whence  
 Their dear and separate life began;  
 There is nothing that is not mine  
 To look to in this infinite autumn,  
 This decline

Of all things under the shuffling clay of man  
 And his envious, dying, idiotic tears  
 Dropped on an empty tomb.

These, these, the power of speech alone beats down—  
 words, words

To crowd the visible world's heart's empty room,  
 Silent and empty, wild to be sung,  
 These naked hills and woods, these inarticulate skies—  
 As the barren, hushed expectancy of dawn  
 Is slowly filled by the shrill ecstatic cries  
 The wild insentient annunciation of the birds.

John Glassco

## Are You a Turtle?

A SHORT STORY BY GERALD WEALES

►"WE COULD GO over to Gadsen's," Timmie Anderson answered my question.

"And maybe," added Fen Thurston, "some of the Turtle Club will be there."

I didn't know what Gadsen's was and I didn't know what the Turtle Club was. In fact, I didn't seem to know much of anything. Once I had known everything about Calebsville — although there isn't much to know about an Indiana town of seven thousand which lives well enough when the carpet sweeper factory keeps busy — and almost everything about the towns that lay within a fifty-mile radius. After the war, however, I had kissed Calebsville good-bye for what I thought was good and all, and had taken a job in Cleveland, a clean-shirt job in a department store where by natural ability — that what's I like to think anyway — I had worked my way up to floor manager. I was making good money and living the kind of city life that a wartime taste of New York and London had made me sure that I wanted, when suddenly my thirtieth birthday butted in. There is something about turning thirty that gets a man thinking about being a small boy and running barefoot across familiar lawns; about being a high school smart Alec, sharp and a little scared, making the ultimate pass in a borrowed car parked in that one spot along the river that knows more tire treads and more secrets than any place in town; about being fresh out of school, rich from a first real job and lavish in spreading the take across the south end of two states. It was now seven years since I had set foot in Calebsville and, although what was left of my family had long since scattered across the country to better jobs and softer living, I decided to drive my '51 Nash down to the old town when I took my two weeks in May. Just to look around and, if there was nothing to look at, I could always swing southeast toward Florida and the cheaper spring rates and any early vacationing secretaries that might be around.

We were sitting in Thorn's, just beginning our second bottle of beer when I asked my question. "What do you do in this town, anyway? What do you do to kill time?" Timmie and Fen answered me in the riddling way everyone used that I spoke to, everyone assuming that I knew about places and people that were new since seven years ago. Why even Thorn's was new or, at least, different. It had been The Haven when I last drank a bottle of beer in it, a single big room, painted a soft gray but long enough ago to be dirty, with wooden tables and chairs and a few stools along a well-worn bar. When Thorn bought the place — he had taught me algebra and, although he had since decided that it was easier to feed four children pushing beer instead of mathematics, he still held on to a little of his Ball State gentility — he threw that phoney leather stuff around — bright greens and reds — like it was kind words in a funeral parlor and tacked so much chromium to the bar that it looked like a late model Buick, only easier to handle.

Timmie and Fen were the only two people in town, at least the only two that I knew, who could have an-

swered my question at all. No one else seemed to have any time to kill. I had spent the first day in Calebsville just walking around looking. Downtown there were more new stores and more new names on old stores than I had expected and I would never have guessed that they would really have got around to building the new high school — they had been talking about it since I was a baby — but the growing population (8500, the editor of the paper told me, poking out his chest the way he had done twenty years ago whenever he outsold me on new newspaper subscriptions; still a snoutnose, I could see) had forced the construction. It was a long, low building that looked a lot more comfortable than the old school, which was now the grade school, which was now the library and YMCA, a strange kind of municipal musical chairs, but a good idea all the same. When I had looked long enough at buildings and hunted for vacant lots with soft ball scars only to find new houses, I began to look for people. I found several that I had gone to school with and they were glad to see me for a minute or two, but they all had other things to think about — families, mostly, and businesses or jobs, and houses. "Well, how are you, you old . . ." shouted a guy who had broken up my first date years ago, swallowing whatever it was that I was supposed to be as he looked over his shoulder at a pretty little woman — "I want you to meet my wife" — who sat on the single cement slab that was porch to his new pre-fab, one of a dozen and a half, at least, that were going up all around the edge of town. I met the wife, but I could not help much when he wondered how to get a good stand of grass in front of the new house, a home not being a home without a real yard. I went on to see an old girl friend who insisted that I watch her six-year-old tap dance — "I'll start her on ballet next year" — and asked hopefully if I knew any TV producers up in Cleveland; and the captain of the always losing basketball team on which I had played, who wanted to know what they were saying up where I came from, hoping that things were not going to get really bad because if the shop went down his new grocery business would fall to pieces and leave him a stack of debts. I didn't think the little girl could dance a lick and I knew anyone was a fool to try to buck the chain stores, but I always said the smiley thing.

TIMMIE AND FEN, it seemed, were the only ones who weren't married, the only ones who had time for a glass of beer without having to stop to shout at kids or to work on something new for the house. Timmie was a big blond, who had once been good-looking, or so the girls around Calebsville thought, but now he was running to fat; he still lived with his folks in the big brick house that had always been full of noise and people back when we were in school; he had been in and out of more businesses — a filling station, a laundromat, a drive-in — than most men could get to in a lifetime and had now settled temporarily and profitably on a shop that handled television installation and repairs. During the working day, Fen, as thin as a Swedish pancake, his dark hair cut in a burr, looked through his thick glasses at a drafting board, making a lie of the yearbook prediction that he would someday be a famous artist. Now the glasses were turned on me, but it was Timmie, his eyes on the beer

he was pouring into his glass, who answered my bewilderment.

"It's a dance hall like place."

Fen, still looking, asked, "Where does an alien go to register?"

"They can't still be saying that — even in Calebsville."

"Just remembering, that's all."

"It's in Ohio," Timmie continued. "Just over the line."

"Do you remember the Lily Glade where we used to go on Saturday nights?" asked Fen. "To get away from the twelve o'clock closings. Indiana liquor laws! Jesus!"

"It's not much like the Lily," said Timmie. "Nothing fancy at all. A kind of barn — but beer. Sometimes stray women."

"This is Tuesday," Fen shook his head. "There won't be no Turtles tonight."

I thought about Turtles while we paid Thorn for our beer and headed for my car in the parking lot — it held three cars if you crowded — back of the tavern. So it's just a name for girls — like dolls, tomatoes, quail, stuff, or any of a million and a half less lady-like words. I drove, because I knew the road even if I didn't know the place. Fen spent the forty miles musing a kind of do-you-remember which as often as not I didn't; and Timmie, sitting on the outside, drummed a tuneless tapping with his nails on the top of the door, thinking hopefully about the immediate future, I guessed, wishing that he would for God's sake stop before he took off all the paint.

"There it is," Fen pointed toward a large, once-white building that was just off to the left. It was as big as a barn, and as plain, but it had a blinking neon sign outside spelling, "GADS . . . GADS . . . GADS," the . . . EN having burned out, in flashing blue letters tall enough to be seen for a mile or so if the place hadn't been on a road full of curves. Underneath, a smaller red sign, steady, not a blink in her, declared, "Beer in Pitchers." We pulled up on the stretch of gravel that surrounded Gadsen's on three sides and left my Nash with only a few other cars. The inside was almost as plain as the outside had been. It was the same grayish-white, clouded here by the dimness of the lighting. Except for a square of light near the door where a white, bright fluorescence kept the owner from making a mistake in his change when he hit you for the dollar-and-a-quarter that it cost to get in on Fridays and Saturdays when there was live music, the place was so dark that you couldn't see more than six feet away. The tables were crowded together around a big dance floor; people around this part of the country like room to dance in, but they don't mind sitting close together. Tonight there was no crowding; there were only a few people scattered around the hall, some at tables, some on the floor dancing to juke box music, and I didn't see how Gadsen could sell enough beer and soda (you had to bring your own liquor and keep it under the table; he just had a beer license) to pay the rent and the salary of the three uniformed waitresses who carried pitchers to the tables, stepping carefully as though they were used to walking over aisles of feet. On Fridays and Saturdays they did have to step carefully. Fen and Timmie told me that on the weekends Gadsen's was so packed that you had to pry your way into it. Chuck



Lintle's five-piece band played some pretty good music, they said, and although I didn't know this Chuck Lintle at all, I knew the kind of band. High school musicians who had grown up and out of school, who had taken to bakery trucks and barber shops, assembly lines and offices to earn a living, but who still managed to make a few extra bucks and to feel a little more alive than usual by taking weekend dates. Tonight, though, there was no band and no crowd. Still there were a few unattached women, looking a little plaintively at any womenless men.

"There's a baby doll for you," said Timmie, his head nodding toward a table where a thin-faced, straggly-haired blond, maybe seventeen or eighteen, was looking out of a face full of paint.

"No thanks," I said, and added, trying to pick up the talk, "Is that all the Turtles you got to offer?"

"Hell, she's no turtle," Timmie said. "It's a kind of club — informal though. I'm a Turtle and Fen is; it's not just girls. It's . . ."

"He's stringing you," Fen said, nodding toward me.

"Are you sure you don't know what the Turtle Club is?" Timmie asked and, when I had crossed my heart, he went on. "It's just a friendly little game. You ask someone, 'Are you a Turtle?' and if he is — or she is — they answer . . ."

"Don't tell him," interrupted Fen, poking Timmie hard in his side. "Show him." He pointed toward the door. There in the one bright spot in the place stood a fat girl. She looked short, but that was because she weighed up toward two hundred pounds. She was about twenty-four, with a pretty face, soft-featured and friendly, which was looking around trying to find someone familiar in the gloom we sat in.

"Jua . . . nee . . . taa . . ." shouted Timmie, his voice dragging out and pulling the fat girl up short, like a dog on a leash. "Are you a Turtle?"

She broke into a smile, warm enough to add a couple of hundred watts to the light in which she stood, and then shouted back in a voice that was clear and strong and almost like singing, "You bet your sweet ass I'm a Turtle."

I laughed with Timmie and Fen and with the waitresses, who had stopped on his shouted question to wait for the expected answer, although like a few other strangers around the place I was startled. Juanita was coming toward our table now, walking daintily through the half-light, followed by a couple of other girls, normal-sized ones and not bad looking. In the jumble of introductions that followed I learned that Juanita's last name was Getzel and that the littlest and prettiest of the two others was called Paula, a round-faced girl whose equally round eyes and mouth gave her a make-believe look like those fancy dolls that little girls get a chance to break on Christmas morning. The third one was Miriam, a thinnish, freckled redhead, whose left eye went a little its own way, but not so much that it bothered anyone. I decided that I would concentrate on Paula, but she was accepting the chair that Fen had shoved out for her even before the talk got underway.

"What are you doing here anyway?" Timmie asked Juanita. "A school teacher like you, and this a week night." But even while he asked, he maneuvered Miriam into a chair next to him.

Juanita explained that it was the weather. "It's too

much like spring to sit inside and grade papers tonight. Paula wanted to go to the movies — something about pearl fishermen or copra smugglers — but I couldn't take all that South Sea stuff, even with Burt Lancaster. I dragged them over here . . . hoped we'd run into someone we knew." She shook herself and settled a little more comfortably on the hard wooden chair, her arms now folded along the top of the table. "And we did."

FOR THE NEXT hour or two the table hummed. There was a lot of talk and a lot of laughter with Juanita always at the center of it. She told funny stories about the kids she taught in junior high and about the town she lived in — a little one in Ohio called Elmsburg, smaller even than Caledonia — where teachers always have to watch out what they say and where they go. Paula and Miriam, since they worked in offices around the town, were a little freer; it was Juanita who needed to escape to Gadsden's. We drank a lot of beer and everybody went at least once to the can while all the usual bad jokes floated after him, and we danced away a fortune in nickels. Juanita, as big as she was, was the best dancer of the lot, light on her little feet, as graceful as an Arthur Murray dancing teacher that I once dated in Cleveland and a damned sight better at following. She and I were on the floor alone when I suddenly realized that the four heads close together at our table, obviously deep in plans, were quietly disposing of the two of us. When we sat down again, there was silence. Finally Timmie broke it.

"We're going out to Burney's Grove."

"What for?" I asked.

He looked at me as though I was crazy, but he said, "To look at the trees."

Fen muttered, "The pretty, pretty trees," and Paula laughed and punched him.

"We'll go in Paula's car. We can get home; you don't need to wait on us." Timmie had everything worked out.

"You can ride back to Elmsburg with Muriel," Miriam said to Juanita, who had become suddenly quiet. "She's here." She pointed toward a table where two girls sat. One raised a hand and waved.

The only sound as the four of them got up was the scraping of their chairs and the distant silliness of the juke box. They were all looking down at the table, letting their eyes shoot sideways toward me, except of course for that left eye of Miriam's, waiting for me to say something, do something. Juanita still looked straight ahead. I found myself suddenly absorbed in a couple dancing silently near the juke, a sallow looking boy who needed a haircut with the painted baby that I had noticed earlier. I wasn't going to let Timmie and Fen push me into anything. I kept looking at the shuffling couple until Paula's voice, cracking and a little eager, asked for forgiveness, "Are you a Turtle?"

From the corner of my eye, I could see Juanita's face, a tightening in the chin, a pull at the edge of the mouth. Then in a voice that sounded like aluminum foil trying to do the work of steel, she said, still clearly, "You bet your sweet ass I'm a Turtle."

The laughter was emptier even than the hall. The two couples moved off across the room and through the bright light. Juanita watched them out the door

before she turned toward me. She smiled, her mouth slightly awry, maybe in disappointment, but it looked like mockery to me. I shifted on my chair, trying to think of words that might move us back twenty minutes where the laughter was easy. But she spoke first.

"I'll go over to Muriel's table. I don't want to miss my ride back to Elmsburg."

"It doesn't look as though Muriel is leaving. Split another pitcher with me."

"It won't hurt, I guess." And then, the only bitterness that came into her voice all evening. "I don't think that I'm in any danger here."

The getting of the beer ironed over the uncertain minutes and she was soon deep in a story about a member of the school board whom she had run into in Cincinnati, quite drunk and with a young lady who was plainly not the wife of a school board member. She laughed full again and knocked the guilt that I had felt a few minutes earlier off my shoulders and half away across the room. I laughed with her. We danced a few more times and drank the beer, not really wanting it by then, but mostly we talked. Or she talked and I listened. She told stories now about her years at teachers college, just as funny as the others but a little sad because of course it hadn't been, for her, the way college is supposed to be in all those books with names like *Nancy Nice at College* which unpopular high school girls read, hoping it will all be different soon. I read her disappointment into my own, that I had never got around to college at all, even though the GI Bill could have seen me through easily. I'm sharper sad than happy and when I looked again into her face, just finished with some long business about how she had wrecked a pageant by falling off a float, I suddenly realized that she was lovely.

"What about this Burney's Grove?" I asked. "What is it anyway?"

"It's a little woods, kind of. Where people go to . . ." she shrugged. "Where people go."

"Do you know the way? I've got my car, and, if you know the way, we could . . . maybe look at those trees."

She didn't smile. She looked carefully at me a long time, maybe wondering if I was making some kind of very bad joke. Then slowly, "I know the way."

IT WAS MORNING when we drove into Elmsburg. We had watched the sun rise higher and higher before we finally accepted that her watch had stopped and knew that it was time to get the car started. The court house, which stuck out over every other building, was the first thing we saw as we came into town.

"My God!" she said, pointing up at the clock. "It's eight-fifteen."

"Maybe I had better drive you straight to school."

"No." She hesitated, looked down at her dress, brushing it here and there, wondering if it would pass inspection from her fellow teachers. "Yes, I guess you had better take me straight to school."

Students were already going in when my car, having followed her directions, pulled alongside the curb. She got out and leaned down to the window where we exchanged the meaningless mumbles that sound like good-by and it's been nice.

"Good-morning, Miss Getzel," said one girl, and then another, and then a boy, each looking into the

car, wanting to know, as students always do, who was giving the teacher a ride to school. I watched her move easily up the three steps and then just as she got to the door, which the boy, his face shining politeness, was holding open for her, I slid to the other side of the seat, still warm from her having sat there, and leaned out the window. I called, "Are you a Turtle?"

She turned. She smiled and then rolled her eyes quickly, checking to see who was close enough to hear what she had to say. The polite boy was so startled that he let go the door, catching it again just before it hit her, when she shouted, laughing, "You bet your sweet ass I'm a Turtle."

#### OYSTER RIVER CAMP, SEPTEMBER, 1960

I know a poet lyric in his verse;  
by this I do not mean I've felt his glance  
nor met the corded sinews of his wrist  
more close than this.

With him I've danced a bare, a ghostly dance  
to words he plucks from off the circling wind,  
deep in the secret gristle of my bones  
I move with him.

The needlefish glide past the pebbled reef,  
here coho leap, the tyee swims straight on,  
still in the sea, but near the Oyster's mouth  
the humpbacks swarm.

Through the white sand, the tarweed thrusts  
her roots,  
her fruits are daisies on a gummy stem,  
one flower falls, one turns her sun-like face  
to face the sun.

The whelk walks hungry on the weed-strewn  
beach,  
the kelp crab quickly sheds his too-tight skin,  
the sand sings softly in the salted breeze  
its sound is thin.

On this same sand, a horseshoe moves in rust,  
its atoms ballet in a dance unseen,  
at night the Echo shows its light, and then  
is gone again.

What if we wake to sleep? Who knows  
the coelacanth may still dance in the deep,  
does not the tide recede, then billow in  
pulled by the moon?

I know a poet lyric in his verse.  
I dance with him, — a dance of birth, of death,  
a stone's circling, the still slow motion of  
the universe.

Elizabeth Gourlay

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## Turning New Leaves (1)

►EXCELLENT THOUGH IT IS, this is a curiously baffling book\* to read, even more baffling to review. The argument rolls continuously on, a monotonously rolling countryside without landmarks: there are chapters with titles, but no discoverable change of subject answers to the change of title, and the 'Conclusion' is not so much a thus-we-see as a now-let's-stop. The style, though lucid and urbane, is level and unemphatic. There is a preface which looks as if it might explain what the author is up to, but all it really does is describe the chapter-titles. Half way through the book the author at last takes us into his confidence: "To show the connection between knowledge of various degrees and freedom of various degrees is the principal purpose of this book." That is no doubt true, and explains why the book is hard to follow, for it shows that Professor Hampshire is exploring a complex relationship and not arguing a case that might be summarized; but as a description of the book it may be very misleading, for in his exploration he is in fact deploying a thesis which is unfashionable, important, and compelling. At the end of the book we are likely to find ourselves convinced that philosophy's essential business is to clarify the concept of man, and that man is best conceived not as a rational animal, nor as a symbol-using animal, but as an intention-forming animal. So profound and all-embracing are the changes in philosophical thinking that this thesis is shown by Professor Hampshire to demand that his book must be considered as potentially one of the most important to appear in its field for many years. Whether it turns out to be so in fact will depend on whether its ideas have been given a form in which others can and will use them.

Not all—perhaps not much—of what Hampshire says is new. There are two rival views of man that have been rivals since philosophy began. According to one, which goes back to Plato, man's most important sense is that of vision. Man as spectator is static—one stops to look—and shrinks to an eye, his body alien or forgotten, the world a passing show that may be an illusion. According to the other, which goes back to Aristotle, the most important sense is the sense of touch. But in touching one is no longer spectator but agent, essentially embodied, in a world of solid objects which one manipulates and which resist. It is to this second tradition that Hampshire belongs; but it is in the other, Platonic, tradition that most philosophising has been done since the days of Descartes. Hampshire is not the first to rebel: Professor John Macmurray of Edinburgh, in particular, argued in *The Self as Agent* that the Platonic tradition would not do, that it was inadequate in itself and had ceased even to be fruitful of interesting errors. But Macmurray has made little impact on his philosophical compeers, because he writes as a maverick. His conclusions are stated in a way that almost dares one to take them seriously, in an idiom seldom used for serious thinking nowadays and in a formalistic way that is more striking than convincing; they are mangled with unpalatable doctrines which Macmurray believes on no good grounds

to be logically entailed by them; and, worst of all, their continuity with current trends of thought is concealed rather than emphasized. The importance of Hampshire's book is that it avoids these errors, being soberly argued in a form in which both its relation to existing opinion and its potentialities for future development are made clear.

What Hampshire brings to the Aristotelian tradition is the lessons he has learned from Sartre and Wittgenstein. It was Sartre, still a sadly underestimated thinker, who revealed the organizing power of the concept of intention. That man is what he intends Sartre saw, and that evaluations and interpretations depend on intentions; but since he also regarded man as essentially a speculator rather than a manipulator, as a being whose body formed part of his environment, he was never able to make his view of man consistent—a failing which he rather unfairly projected on to his readers, proclaiming that man was a self-contradictory being and ought therefore to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. Hampshire, by removing the contradiction, removes the scandal, thus making existentialism safe for democracy. From Wittgenstein he derives not his doctrine but his approach and method: arguments about what can or cannot meaningfully be said are among his favourite and most potent weapons. Wittgenstein did indeed begin *Philosophical Investigations* with an attack on the Platonic tradition as applied to language, and one could derive from that work the view that man in his speech and thought shows himself to be essentially agent rather than spectator, but if Wittgenstein himself saw the issue in those terms he failed to make it (as he failed to make so many other things) explicit. What Hampshire has done is thus to point out the implications of the most diverse tendencies in recent philosophy and to show whither they inevitably tend.

Some have found it strange that a work so broad in scope should have issued from Oxford, whose philosophy of "ordinary language" is sometime thought to limit itself to a sterile preoccupation with the minutiae of English usage. But it is not so strange. For that philosophy, since the most ordinary people are the least speculative, begins with a bias in favour of the Aristotelian and against the Platonic tradition. Professor Ryle's *The Concept of Mind*, the best-known and perhaps the purest example of the Oxford manner in philosophy, was already an explicit and sustained attack on the Cartesian version of the Platonic tradition. It failed to carry conviction because it was so obvious that the choice of method had determined the conclusions. It is Hampshire's great virtue to have so broadened the basis of his discussion that he no longer incurs this reproach, while he retains the powerful techniques of argument that were forged in that school.

Since Hampshire's argument is very closely knit and is full of good things which are even better in their context, it would be pointless for me to summarize or anthologize. Let me rather, in accordance with the traditions of the reviewer's ghastly trade, issue criticisms and warnings. It is possible that Hampshire has been too much influenced by Sartre in that he thinks of men as depending on each other for self-knowledge but not for assistance. That a philosophy of agency should lead to a morality of co-operation was clearly

\*THOUGHT AND ACTION: Stuart Hampshire; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 276; \$5.50.



seen by Macmurray, and the implications of such a morality have been dramatically presented by Miss Arendt in *The Human Condition*; but Hampshire does not get that far. One might also complain that the view of art expounded rather unexpectedly under the heading of 'Criticism and Regret,' is, correct though it may be, unexamined and undefended: it is simply the stock view of English-speaking intellectuals, a compound of clichés. It is sad to find such hackneyed stuff in a work otherwise so carefully wrought. Now two warnings to set beside those two complaints. The first is, that unless you are accustomed to philosophical argument and familiar with contemporary philosophical positions you may not find this book very exciting. What is of fundamental importance is seldom of superficial interest, and Hampshire (unlike Macmurray) writes for those who do not need to be told when something important is going on. The other warning is that this is one of those books for which the unfortunate Canadian jobber has had to charge so much more than the British retail price that only the most impatient or the most patriotic will buy it from him. But let there be no mistake about this: I am convinced that anyone with any interest in the present condition or future prospects of philosophy would be foolish indeed if he did not study this book with grateful diligence.

F. E. SPARSHOTT

## Turning New Leaves (2)

►THIS IS Eli Mandel's first separate book of poetry,\* though in 1954 he contributed a series of "Minotaur Poems" to *Trio*, an earlier volume of the Contact Press which gave a selection from the work of three poets. In his introduction to that volume, Louis Dudek praised Mandel's "vigorous, rhetorical myth-making imagination," and the same qualities are apparent in this new, and more ambitious, collection.

It must be stated at the outset that this is a difficult book. If we follow up the title as a "clue" to the new labyrinth (or, rather, castle, for that is the dominant image of this collection) we are disappointed. It is true that some poems take their starting-points from Fuseli's paintings, but his influence is more a matter of tone and approach. To go to Fuseli for a clarification of these poems is no more helpful than to go to Jessie L. Weston for elucidation of *The Waste Land*. Mandel bodily refuses to spoon-feed his readers. Most of the poems are self-made myths; their "relevance" (if such a word may be allowed) is by no means obvious, and will no doubt vary with the individual. This, I imagine, is part of Mandel's intention; it is a sort of "do-it-yourself" poetry (I use the phrase with no disrespect) in which the poet performs his function as "maker" but leaves interpretation to the reader.

One of the most impressive poems in the book is "A Castle and Two Inhabitants," and its opening section raises (at least according to my own, individual interpretation) some interesting points that are relevant to Mandel's poetry as a whole:

The several stories of the castle,  
Placed rickety like box on box

Or like those Chinese puzzles  
That are whole outside but inside  
Piece in piece, were carpentered  
A while ago. The builder is inside.  
We think he must be, for we never  
Saw him leave it, nor indeed go in.

This is a good description of Mandel's own poetic method. His poems bear a similar resemblance to Chinese puzzles. They are self-contained units which have no outer reference, their significance being purely centripetal. The poet, too, is within the structure, is himself a part of it, rather than being outside it, interpreting it to others. This is a poem, like the majority in the collection, which does not *mean* but *is*, in MacLeish's well-worn phrase — or, in Mandel's own words, it "stands."

It simply stands there, stands,  
Though how it stands no one explains,  
Nor how to go from room to room,  
Nor why the king has chosen it  
Upon a dreadful plane of space  
To live in, there to hold his court.

This is the kind of poetic structure which Mandel, who is both builder and king, inhabits; it is a not uncommon (indeed, somewhat fashionable) kind of poetic residence, but there is always the danger that it may prove an ultimately unsatisfying palace of art. At the moment Mandel's manner is clearly superior to his matter, and I cannot but hope that he will one day venture from the confines of his castle, and "speak out."

Meanwhile, we must be content with what we have, and there is a good deal to commend. His boldness of imagery and energy of diction are both admirable. Thus, in an effective poem called "Poetic Process" the difference between conception and execution is presented in two striking metaphors. At first "the excitement of images / like pepper" gives him "a mental sneeze," but the result is only the

damp fuse  
of an unlit simile  
lying like a shoelace  
on the familiar sidewalk of my mind.

There is obviously an unusual and original talent at work here. Consequently, when, in "Notes from the Underground," he asks us, concerning a Sybil-figure representing poetry,

Would you believe how free I have become  
with lusting after her?

it is a tribute to Mandel's ability that we can answer in the affirmative. But it still troubles me that he is at his most effective when writing poems about poetry. I know that Irving Layton has written that "mercifully all poetry, in the final analysis, is about poetry itself," and there is a sense in which this is certainly true, but one of the main reasons why Layton's own poems are superior to Mandel's is that they cover a far wider range of experience before revealing themselves at last as "about poetry." Eli Mandel is clearly a young poet of promise, but I humbly suggest that

\*FUSELI POEMS: Eli Mandel; Contact Press; pp. 68; \$2.00.

the next stage in his poetic development needs to be an increasing involvement with the world of the non-poetic.

W. J. KEITH

### GERRARD STREET EAST

With a seventy-per-cent proof  
complexion

And a chronic nose  
Clasping his medicine  
The inflammable man goes

A glimpse from my bus  
Tells me the story  
Of the man who loves  
To drink

Red light. Time to observe  
A beggar yell his fury  
At a pacifist in his backyard  
—What makes one man nag  
And another nod?

War signs: Stop. Think. Go.  
Where to? I really don't know.  
Children beautiful  
But poor  
Nature has been kind for a change.

The bus hurtles through  
Automobile constipation  
We stop again.  
I get the backview of a drain.  
A dauby clothesline  
That tells the colorful story  
Of a dataller's life.

Broken toys  
Fragments of a broken childhood  
We move again  
I have really paid for this trip.

Anahid Hagopian

### AFTERMATH

Poll-fever, when the heat has died,  
Begets awareness deep and wide  
Truth has been sold and beauty ditched,  
The wits benumbed and hope bewitched.

The clod, deprived of honest wrath,  
But shuffles down the garden path  
To pay the debt to sateless maw  
And nettle-hairs in pallet-straw.

Loan me a holy-stone of gold  
To clean the slate and scour the fold;  
Nor let me shirk the storm and toil  
Till justice blooms in richer soil.

Percy Adams

## Books Reviewed

BRITAIN'S EXPORT TRADE WITH CANADA: G. L. Reuber; Canadian Studies in Economics, No. 12; University of Toronto Press; pp. xii, 147; \$3.50.

The study of international trade is among the oldest and most abstruse branches of economic thought. Perhaps the most attractive feature of Adam Smith's laissez-faire trade doctrine was its ability to make, in this most irregular of territories, the crooked strait and the rough places plain. Unfortunately it now seems impossible, in the light of our present factual and theoretical knowledge, to hold the simple faith of Smith, Ricardo, and Mill. In our public debate we now seem to encounter two types: the sort who thinks that all will be well if only the free market is allowed to work without hindrance, and the sort who claims that by means of a few minor changes in our government's trade and tariff policy we can attain bliss without cost. Both views have long pedigrees in the history of economic controversy. If the former can be traced at least to Adam Smith, the latter can be found in Tudor times. Of course, both views beg the question of the ends to which our economic policy should be directed. For this reason, and for many other reasons, both are dangerously misleading. Their prevalence in Canada reveals our rather low level of economic sophistication.

The pattern of Canadian trade has been the subject of much recent controversy in Canada. Because Professor Reuber's book deals with our trading pattern, it should be required reading for every publicist who holds forth on our trade policy. Unfortunately I have no reason to think that it will be read by such people, for it is highly detailed, thorough, and carefully qualified, still bearing in style and arrangement some marks of the doctoral dissertation. Reuber's task is to explain the decline in the percentage share of British products in Canadian imports between the 1920's and the 1950's. All the circumstances which might bear upon Britain's success in selling to Canada are passed under review: structural changes in the Canadian economy, the competitiveness of British prices relative to Canadian and American prices, non-price factors in Britain's competitive power, and the regulation of export markets through private cartels and governmental policies. One suspects that more refined statistical methods might have been used with profit. In particular, input-output analysis might have produced more conclusive results in the discussion of structural changes in the Canadian economy. But as Reuber points out, many of his data are less than perfect, and must be interpreted with great care. He has probably been wise to keep the data as raw as possible, so that qualitative adjustments can readily be made when necessary.

Reuber presents a complex and persuasive explanation for Britain's relative loss of ground in Canadian markets. The basic explanations are to be found in the changing structure of Canadian demand, and in a host of non-price variables which make the Canadian market less attractive for the British exporter while making British goods less attractive for Canadian buyers. In the 1920's, Britain's exports to Canada were concentrated in a few traditional lines: coal, textiles, whiskey, and other consumer goods. She did relatively little business

in machinery, consumer durable goods, chemicals, or petroleum. Unfortunately, it is these sectors of demand which have grown most rapidly in the succeeding years, while the traditional export markets for consumer goods have grown relatively slowly. American direct investment has further limited the Canadian market for British goods, because American managers depend on American suppliers and are often connected with parent plants in the United States. British goods are cheaper than Canadian and American, for comparable qualities, and they have become more price competitive as the decades have passed—especially since the devaluation of 1949. Through imperial preference the Canadian government has extended a diminishing but sizable assistance to British exporters. However, for many years these exporters have enjoyed special protection in Britain and in the sterling area. Meanwhile, Canada has been one of the most competitive markets in the world. Naturally British manufacturers have been unwilling to set up the expensive merchandising and servicing networks which would be necessary if they tried to sell machinery and consumer durables in large quantities. Naturally, also, they have avoided the costs and problems of the frequent changes in design which only the North American market requires. Also, before 1939 international cartel and patent agreements generally excluded a wide range of British goods from Canada by reserving the Canadian market for Canadian or American suppliers. Rational self-interest thus explains part of British producers' limited interest in Canada. Undue rigidity and ignorance may explain the rest. Hence Britain's continued price-advantage has not enabled her to maintain her share of the Canadian market.

By leading us to this conclusion, Professor Reuber has made an important contribution to our current debates about trading policy. If the patterns of trade are so subtly determined, any planned changes in trade are likely to be very expensive because their disruptive effects will reduce our national economic welfare. In view of the evidence, it behooves any government to move carefully. Fortunately there are very few rational reasons for worrying about our pattern of trade. After all, these patterns of trade can affect our economic welfare in just two principal ways. First of all, exports in general are somewhat risky because they make our national wellbeing dependent upon foreign markets over which we have no control. It may therefore be argued that some particular foreign markets are more likely to fail us, as buyers of our goods or as suppliers of goods to us. The evidence suggests that all foreign countries are more or less equally reliable buyers and sellers, and that therefore we have little rational reason to prefer one foreign market over another. Secondly, if we deal only in a few products, and sell to one buyer or to a few buyers, these buyers may be able to manipulate prices against us. Happily we have no reason to think that any Western government would use this "monopsony power" to make us suffer. And we cannot avoid the risks of foreign markets without giving up the advantages of the international division of labor. By controls and pressures our government could create whatever pattern of trade it desired. However, since the international division of labor does not seem to change tidily when prices, incomes, and exchange rates are changed, any such policy of change could be carried through only if our government were willing to do some very drastic and painful

things. When we argue about trade patterns we should recognize this unpalatable fact.

IAN M. DRUMMOND

THE COLLECTED SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN; Nelson, Foster & Scott Ltd.; pp. 566; \$7.00.

Conrad Aiken, despite his life-long prolificacy, versatility, and the honors which have been accorded him, is the neglected and forgotten son of American letters. In the preface to this literally weighty volume, we are reminded by critic Mark Schorer that Aiken "has the range of the literary master: the beautiful bulk of his poetry in all its formal splendor and variety; literary essays of pioneering quality; one of the most extraordinary autobiographies in the language; four novels, at least two of which — *Great Circle* and *King Coffin* — must endure; a play; more than forty short stories." And yet, as Schorer points out so dejectedly, Aiken is recalled only in such infrequent moments as a reader's letter to a literary publication in the United States. The recipient of a Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, two Bollinger Prizes, and holder of the chair of poetry at the Library of Congress from 1950 to 1952 is largely ignored by public and critics alike; within the rarefied confines of the classroom alone is his name spoken with reverence and his work discussed with comprehension.

Perhaps this literary indifference has come about as a result of current gluttony: writers of varying merit are swallowed whole in anthropophagous revelry, praised and dissected without reflection, and discarded all too promptly when indigestion sets in. The demands of a plethora of critical journals, university quarterlies, and culture-vending mass publications make sustained interest in any author a virtual impossibility. Even the giants of contemporary American literature — Lewis, Hemingway, Faulkner — have suffered ignominiously from inattention in recent years.

But somehow, in spite of Mr. Schorer's eulogy, it is difficult to rank Conrad Aiken among those who have been temporarily cast aside only to be resurrected in some more perceptive and appreciative tomorrow. On the evidence of the forty-odd stories included in this volume, and an admittedly sparse exposure to his other work, deeper causes suggest themselves for Aiken's fall from grace.

There is in his writing that quality of old-fashioned prolixity, that Jamesian affectation so foreign to ears attuned to terseness and to readers conditioned by decades of furiously-paced language. Though his characters are identified as Americans, they move with the deliberate self-consciousness of weary British clerks; they think and speak in accents out of Sussex, not of New York or Peoria, Illinois. Nothing in "The Bachelor Supper" or "The Anniversary," two stories replete with topical references, supports the urban realism so obviously attempted. The decaying gentility of Aiken's New Englanders lacks all bonds with a heritage of fierce individualism that included the brilliant Adams family, Emerson, Thoreau, and the later infusion of French and Irish vitality. In story after story, we encounter strange, homeless heroes and heroines, planted rootless by their creator in unfertile soil. We cannot believe in them, nor even quite respond to



their very universal concerns; their agonies as well as their mannerisms are of another place, another age.

So it is, too, when Aiken's people face each other in perplexed moments of hatred and love across the counter of an antique shop, or under the arc lights of a deserted street. We *almost* recognize them in the fitting shadows, *almost* clutch them to us as brothers, and then they are lost in the dusk as suddenly as they appeared, beyond redemption. What penetration the author allows us is quickly diffused among the labyrinthine alleys of fantasy, not only to ourselves, but to the protagonists as well. The meaning of the acts they perform eludes us precisely because we are denied empathy, because there is missing here the connective link which makes Hawthorne's Dimmesdale or Melville's Ishmael such transcendental figures.

Aiken's most significant failing, however, is neither stylistic nor psychological. As a writer, he carries the dogma of esthetic detachment to an extreme; he is, properly, an observer above all else, but the essential moral commitment that makes for greatness is conspicuous in its total absence. Whatever point of view the author may have, it is not revealed to us through his characters, either in their struggles to comprehend or in their relations with one another. Aiken withdraws, like a condescending demi-god, to view the irony of his creation from a comfortable distance. Always, as Mr. Schorer observes, he states his bemused conclusions "without the thrust of passionate involvement."

It is indeed this lack of passion which has endeared Conrad Aiken to the academicians and, possibly, alienated him from the readers. No one could quarrel with his brilliantly turned construction, with the verity of his symbolism in such stories as "Mr. Arcularis," or with his command of language. Like Henry James before him, he is a master, but a master with definite limitations. He will undoubtedly find himself "discovered" frequently enough in coming years to insure him the permanency he deserves in American letters. Whether the permanency will ever extend beyond a devoted inner core remains to be seen. As the title to one of his own tales so aptly puts it: "Life Isn't a Short Story."

ALEX RODE

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY: Brian Moore; Little, Brown; pp. 243; \$4.00.

THE TORCH: Wilder Penfield; Little, Brown; pp. 370; \$5.00.

About all these two novels have in common is that they were both written in Canada, and that they are each good in their own way. However, they offer so many contrasts that considering them together may serve to point up some of their qualities.

Brian Moore, an Irishman by birth and Canadian by adoption, chose modern Montreal for the setting of his latest novel. Wilder Penfield, with a longer residence in Montreal, has gone farther afield in both time and space: he sets his story in ancient Greece: to be precise, on the island of Cos, in the fifth century B.C. Moore's characters are an immigrant Irish family and the Canadians they meet; Dr. Penfield's are the famous Greek physician Hippocrates, his associates and patients.

Despite the diversity of their tales, both are writing

of subjects they know well. Mr. Moore's hero — if hero be the proper term for an impractical, unreliable, untrained, and sometimes drunken Irishman — takes a job as proofreader on a Montreal paper — and Moore himself worked in a similar job when he first came to Canada. Penfield's hero, Hippocrates, is a physician, like Penfield, and shares his love of medicine.

*The Luck of Coffey* is a realistic story with surrealist overtones. The characters are all real people, if perhaps slightly exaggerated — people we feel we know or might meet any day. We may look down upon Ginger as a wastrel, a boaster, an irrational dreamer, but if we're honest we'll probably admit that we recognize something of ourselves in him. We need not be ashamed, for Mr. Moore did not hesitate to admit that the story was partly autobiographical, and that he had a fellow feeling for Ginger.

*The Torch* is a carefully researched historical novel which attempts, by the use of detail and quotation, to recreate the atmosphere of ancient Greece. It succeeds to a remarkable degree: certainly few histories give the reader as clear a picture of how life was lived in classical Greece. The characters are carefully drawn, but Dr. Penfield has not really succeeded in bringing them to life. We're a little too conscious of them moving on a stage, speaking the speeches they are supposed to speak, moving through their given paces. Certainly, you're not likely to feel that Hippocrates is someone you know — or someone whose feelings you share. This is partly because the setting is strange, but it's also partly because he is obviously a "hero" — considerably wiser, kinder, more righteous than any normal man is apt to be.

The plots too are in sharp contrast. The story of Ginger moves casually and almost aimlessly through the undramatic but revealing episodes of his commonplace life: his attempts to find a job, his excuses and day-dreamings, his separation from his wife, his attempts to look after his daughter, his ordeal as an underpaid and overworked proofreader, to the final shame of being hauled into court for indecent exposure because he chose the wrong lane in which to relieve himself. Rescued by his wife, at the end Ginger seems to have been shocked out of his dream world, in which success is just around the corner and romance blooms afresh each day, and to have resigned himself to accepting life as it is. The awakening may be a little too sudden to be convincing: after forty years of deceiving himself, it's perhaps too much to believe in Ginger's suddenly opened eyes, but at any rate his experiences do manage to say something revealing

#### NOW IS THE TIME . . .

Now is the time before the fruit  
When smiles of fruitmen fade,  
Lest clouds, ill-timed,  
Lay down their shade, cold  
On greening trees;  
And split the cosy lakes of leaves  
With rains of party-ice,  
Raking hard, hard tiny fruits  
To thundering  
Their own tune on the appled ground.

Thelma Reid Lower

about life as it is lived by the majority of men and women.

On the other hand, *The Torch* tells a dramatic story of plots and subplots: of Hippocrates' treatment of the daughter of the Archon of Cos, his love for Daphne, the chosen bride of the Archon's son, of the treacherous means the Archon's wife uses to discredit him, and of his eventual exoneration. But through this story there runs the other theme of Hippocrates' development of a philosophy of medicine and his training of the students at his medical school: an interesting and no doubt valid account, but it is somewhat clumsily interwoven into the action, slowing or stopping it altogether for pages at a time while Hippocrates develops some new thesis. In the end, we may have learned something about the philosophy of physicians, but we have not learned very much that is new about the way human beings think and feel.

EDITH FOWKE

THESE SAME HILLS: E. R. Zietlow; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 252; \$3.50.

E. R. Zietlow is a novelist worth watching because he has the gift of breathing life into his characters, and thus infusing his theme with a depth far beyond his articulation of it. The real strength of this story set in present-day South Dakota is the cumulatively powerful portrait of the old man Rudolph, who appears at first to be a stereotype of the old-timer — expert in his craft, which is trapping, and intolerant of modern changes. As the story unfolds, light and shade modify the simple outline, and astonishingly, Rudolph gains in stature precisely because of his ordinary inadequacies and failures. His heroism is that of Everyman, engaged in life's unequal and unremitting struggle. His death, therefore, is tragic only as man's mortality is tragic, and has a human validity beyond anything which a social service worker might approve for the conscience of the community.

Set against Rudolph's heroic proportions are lively thumb, all sketches of the subordinate characters. The key-word here is *lively*, since they are such Madison Avenue puppets as any writer may despair of catching except in caricature. Yet they are not dehumanized, but personalities of varying shape and size; some, like the high-school teacher, are cleverly suggested by the briefest of impressionistic brushstrokes. Between Rudolph and the modern community stands Jim, an eighteen-year old boy who has been attracted to Rudolph as a friend and trapping as a hobby because of the aura of adventure which still hangs around both. Jim's adolescent eyes divide the world around him into separate compartments, some shrewdly appraised, some clouded by fantasy, naiveté or self-conscious confusion. Rudolph's death, and the reactions of Jim's parents and their friends, bring reality into focus for Jim, and provide an invaluable guidepost as he stands on the threshold of the adult world.

Obviously this story of the relationship between a young man coming of age and an old man whose death marks the passing of an era, places easily in the category of the promising first novel. But it does begin badly. Possibly only its reviewers will survive the strained writing of the first two chapters, where an

obvious effort to achieve style, and an inability to prune, result in frequent disregard of cadence, balance and syntax. In addition Mr. Zietlow has yet to distinguish between detail which is awkward and tiresome because it is unnecessary, and that which is integral to an effect, like the minute description of the old man's breakfast ritual. But there is enough good writing here to indicate that this writer is not incurably tone-deaf, and no doubt he will discard fine writing as he gains confidence in what is genuinely fresh in his expression.

BELLE POMER

### SOME OLD SERGEANTS

Some old sergeants,  
Long used to spit and polish,  
Having known the sound and smells of guns,  
And the taste and touch of blood and death,  
Tire,  
Fatten up around the gills and gut,  
And,  
On a good tight bunk lie,  
On a boot, more polish now than leather,  
Drape a hand, and,  
Proudly, in their small clean rooms,  
smile and  
Die.

Lawrence Jay Dessner

*What are the limits beyond his own control  
that threaten the modern writer?*

ARNOLD TOYNBEE

JOHN BOWEN

LAWRENCE DURRELL

GERALD HEARD

NATHANIE SARRAUTE

WILLIAM GOLDING

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

SAUL BELLOW

ALAN SILLITOE

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

*consider the position of the writer in an age which  
places greater value on technology than  
on the individual, in*

### THE WRITER'S DILEMMA

Essays first published in the Times Literary Supplement  
under the heading "Limits of Control"  
Introduced by Stephen Spender

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